

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

WAGES.

By ALFRED TENNYSON,

POET LAUREATE.

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,

Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—

Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,

Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PHILARET, ARCHBISHOP AND METROPOLITAN OF MOSCOW.

THE recent death of the venerable Philaret, Archbishop and Metropolitan of Moscow and Kolomna,¹ which attracted sufficient attention to be noticed in most English journals, may make it worth while to place on record a few recollections of a visit to Russia in 1857.

It may be mentioned, by way of preface, that Philaret was born at Kolomna, near Moscow, Dec. 26, 1782, and was educated in the Troitz Monastery, where he was ordained, and of which he eventually became archimandrite or abbot, an office which he retained till his death.² He became rector of the Ecclesiastical Seminary in St. Petersburg in 1812, and was thence successively raised through the sees of Revel, Tver, and Yaroslav, to be Archbishop, and ultimately Metropolitan, of Moscow. He must have been early known in the Empire, if it be true, as I have heard it said, that he composed the Service still used on Christmas Day to commemorate the 25th of December of the year 1812, dear to Russian hearts, when the French armies quitted the Russian territory. It certainly savours of his skilful adaptation of Scripture language when it recalls the fall of the invaders by the words of Isaiah, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning;" and the panic of the time by the Gospel, "There shall be signs in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars;" and the enthusiasm of his countrymen by the Epistle, "Who through faith subdued kingdoms, waxed valiant in fight, turned "to flight the armies of the aliens." He was one of the three to whom the Emperor Alexander I. committed the

great State secret of the transference of the Empire from Constantine to Nicholas. The document containing the abdication of Constantine, it is said, was drawn up by Philaret; and one of the three copies of the will of Alexander was placed by him under the altar of the Kremlin Cathedral, where it lay concealed at the arrival of the news of Alexander's death at Taganrog, and there, when the general uncertainty led to the insurrection and confusion in St. Petersburg, Philaret left it, with characteristic prudence or timidity, keeping to himself the secret, which no one but Constantine would avow. He, though the third in rank of the three Metropolitans, yet, from the respect entertained for his character, was chosen to crown both Nicholas and Alexander II.: on the latter occasion, it is said, so much to the annoyance of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg as to cause the death of the disappointed prelate. The story of his elevation to the see of Moscow is told in a form which, whether true or false, is highly characteristic both of his country and himself. Whilst in one of his inferior bishoprics he was invited to dine with the Governor of the place. The Governor and his aides-de-camp talked irreverently of the Bible. Philaret was silent. At last the Governor, irritated, turned to him and said, "Have you nothing to say to this?" Philaret replied, "I have studied the Bible well, and it tells me not to throw pearls before swine." The Governor, enraged, struck him on the face, and asked, "What does the Bible say to that?" Philaret replied, "The Bible says, 'If a man smites thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.'" He then rose, moved towards the sacred picture which in all Russian apartments, and therefore in the Governor's dining-room, hung in the corner

¹ Like the title of "Archbishop of Dublin and Glendalough."

² I owe these data to the kindness of the Rev. Eugene Popoff, Chaplain of the Russian Embassy in England.

of the wall, and crossing himself said, "For these and all other Thy mercies, good Lord, make me truly thankful," and immediately left the house. A report of the incident reached St. Petersburg, and a fortnight after a letter came from the Emperor, asking him for an explanation. He replied, "Tell the people in St. Petersburg not to trouble themselves about it. Whatever happened, I have forgotten it and forgiven it." The Emperor insisted on knowing it, and the Governor was degraded. Philaret, however, begged him off, that he might not be the cause of the ruin of an innocent family; and he became shortly afterwards Metropolitan of Moscow.

In 1857, when I visited Russia, he was already seventy-six. The coronation of Alexander II. had taken place in the previous year, and Philaret was in the zenith of his fame. I will recount the three occasions on which I saw him.

The first was a private interview, effected for me by a kind friend, a Russian General, now no more. We drove together to his country residence, a short distance from Moscow. On the way the General discussed what should be the topics of conversation. I suggested that, as the Metropolitan had devoted much attention to the Old Testament, we should touch on some subject connected therewith, such as its connexion with Russian history, as illustrated in the bas-reliefs round the new church at Moscow, where the wars of Russian patriotism are represented by the deeds of Joshua and Barak. The General himself started a difficulty which, he said, had often occurred to him, of the apparent vindictiveness and cruelty of the Old Testament compared with the mildness and mercy of the New. "And how," he said, "before we propose this to the Metropolitan, would you answer it yourself?" I ventured to suggest the principle of gradual and imperfect stages of revelation, as stated in the Sermon on the Mount, and in the famous opening words of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Both

passages were new to the General, but it was agreed that this should be one of the topics introduced in the conversation. With these preparations, we entered the Metropolitan's apartment, and in a few moments he appeared. He was dressed like all Russian metropolitans, in flowing black robes, which belong to him as a representative of the Black or monastic clergy, with a large white cowl, which connects him likewise with the White or married clergy. He was short in stature, but very dignified; a refined and attenuated countenance, with deep-sunk expressive blue eyes, and a long grey beard. What perhaps was chiefly remarkable was the almost preternatural sweetness of his voice—a low clear murmur, hardly rising above a whisper. Instead of allowing me to kiss his hand (according to Eastern usage), he gently drew me by it to a seat, and then the conversation began—the General interpreting in French, for Philaret, in spite of his reputation for learning, was unable to speak any modern Western language. He entered at once on the subject on which all Russian ecclesiastics delight to enlarge, the difference between sacred pictures and sacred statues, justifying the former as books for the poor, and addressed to one sense only, whereas statues addressed the use of touch also, and thus partook of the palpable nature of idols. Bas-reliefs he had consented to tolerate outside the walls of a church, as being less of sculpture than actual statues. The only English divines whose names he appeared to know, were *Beveriga* (Beveridge) and Bingham. Of the eccentricities of German Protestantism he spoke with a gentle regret; observing, but without acrimony, that Melancthon, were he to come to life again, would not recognise his own Church. He asked various questions about the Roman Catholic Bishops in England, and wondered why the Government tolerated so many. He also inquired with some curiosity about the confirmations and visitations of our English Prelates. The General then introduced the preconceived topic of the difference between the Old and New

Testaments ; on which Philaret immediately broke into an animated argument, in the midst of which the General turned round with unfeigned astonishment and delight, and said, "He has quoted the very same passage to which you referred in our conversation, and has pointed out how in the expression 'sundry times and divers manners' there is contained the principle of gradual and various modes of imperfect revelation before the full light of Christianity ; distinguishing between the spirit and the matter of the Bible, and showing how the Jews were treated as children, to be struck by great and awful examples, which would pass away when a better revelation came."

I have often thought since, how strange it was to hear from the lips of this secluded ecclesiastic of the old orthodox Church of the stationary East the acceptance of a doctrine which in England, more than any other part of his teaching, had roused the religious world of his day against Arnold, and which, even within the last few years, distinguished Prelates have declared inadmissible within the pale of the Anglican Church.

Shortly afterwards the Governor of Moscow was announced, and we took leave—the old Metropolitan, as we parted, whispering softly, "*Deus benedicat tibi et ecclesie vestre.*"

The next time I saw him was on the festival of the Death of the Virgin, in the Cathedral of the Kremlin. His position there was such as might have excited envy in the minds not only of English Ritualists, but of the highest Popes and Cardinals of the West. Never have I seen such respect paid to any ecclesiastic ; not only during all the elaboration of the Russian ceremonial—when with the utmost simplicity he bore the clothing and unclathing, and even the passing to and fro of the broad comb through the outstanding flakes of his hair and beard—or when he stood on the carpet where was embroidered the old Roman eagle of the Pagan Empire—but still more at the moment of his departure. He came out for the last

time in the service to give his blessing, and then descended the chancel steps to leave the church. Had he been made of pure gold and had every touch carried away a fragment of him, the enthusiasm of the people could have hardly been greater to kiss his hand, or lay a finger on the hem of his garment. The crowd frantically tossed to and fro, as they struggled towards him—men, officers, soldiers. Faintly and slowly his white cowl was seen moving on and out of the church, till he plunged into another vaster crowd outside ; and when at last he drove off in his coach, drawn by six black horses, every one stood bareheaded as he passed. The sounding of all the bells of all the churches in each street as the carriage went by, made it easy to track his course long after he was out of sight.

Another time was on the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation. It was a scene eminently characteristic of Russia. Those who in the West endeavour to combine their admiration of Eastern ceremonial and religion with abhorrence of all connexion with the State, would be somewhat perplexed by the ecclesiastical splendour which accompanied even this shadow of the great State festival. The cathedral was densely crowded, and presently a universal murmur ran round the congregation, "The Metropolitan is going to preach himself." A deathlike stillness pervaded the church—all bending forward, hand to ear, to catch every word. The old man stood in front of the altar-screen : the paper of the sermon was spread out before him, and he turned over the leaves, but he rarely looked at them. At first his voice hardly rose above a whisper, but it gradually became distinct and clear. Behind him stood (as always on these occasions) two other prelates : one, a hearty vigorous man, Innocent, Archbishop of Kamtschatka—the one missionary prelate of the Russian Church—its Bishop of Calcutta or New Zealand ; the other leaning against the wall, the blind old Eugenius, who had retired from his see of Siberia to end his days in the Donskoy monastery, near Moscow. The

sermon lasted for about a quarter of an hour. It may be worth while to give it, as reported at length in the Russian journals, and translated for me by one of my Moscow friends. It is difficult, perhaps, in reading its Oriental exaggerations, and, as it seems to us, commonplace iterations, to imagine the immense effect produced on the congregation. But when heard in the scene of the coronation itself—in the midst of the enthusiasm of all the auditors, and evidently with their hearty response—the impression was easily explained; and it may be instructive for those who regard the supremacy and influence of the sovereign and of the laity as heretical and unholy in a Christian Church to see to what a point the reverence for it could be pushed by a bishop of such unimpeachable ecclesiastical propriety as Philaret. Nor is it less characteristic of the Eastern Church, or less instructive as an example and warning to the Western Church, to observe how, amidst all the genuine and perhaps exaggerated burst of religious fervour on the occasion, there is a total absence of any sacerdotal assumption and pretension.

"This day is brighter than other days, for it reflects the brightness of that on which the light of the Imperial Diadem shone on Russia, and filled her with the fragrance of the unction which had been poured out on the Emperor.

"Return again to us, ever memorable day, that our eyes may look on thee once more. Then we gazed on thee with the eyes of our hearts¹—eyes filled with joy; now we have leisure to contemplate thee in the light of reason and meditation.

"Let us remember that it was the memorable anniversary of Borodino—that day on which Russia stood alone against Europe,² and the spirit of conquest and of aggrandizement which till then had known no check found an impassable barrier in the spirit of Russian loyalty and patriotism. This day was worthy

of the honour of being chosen to be the day of the Imperial Coronation, and to be the solemn witness of the love of the people for their sovereign.

"Let us remember the clear and calm morning of that day. That morning³ seemed to have been intentionally prepared to be the mirror and likeness of the soul of the Tzar.⁴ Let us remember the vast crowd which was in the Kremlin and round the Kremlin: it expressed the emotion that impelled all Muscovite hearts towards the Tzar, and, as far as possible, the hearts of all the Russian people by means of its representatives, or rather, not of one people alone, but of all the peoples who form the Empire of all the Russias.

"Shall we find language strong enough to describe the enthusiasm that then reigned? But we need not seek for it. That language which we should be unable to find, you heard and understood in the exclamations that then burst forth from every heart, and the faithful echo of which still lives in your own faithful memories. I should, above all, have wished that every son of Russia should see to-day as clearly through the eyes of his understanding as we saw through our senses, our Emperor and his Consort, and that which was accomplished in them in this sanctuary in the most sacred moments of that sacred day.

"How humble did their majesty appear in the presence of the King of kings, and, at the same time, how majestic was their humility! What a triumph in the presence of the sanctuary! What animation in prayer! What celestial silence in the temple when the crowned Tzar knelt down, and an ardent prayer⁵ for the blessing from Heaven on himself and on his Empire issued from his heart and from his lips, beamed from his eyes, enkindled every heart, and made of all one single censer, from which rose a perfume of spiritual incense, caught up, one may believe, as by invisible hands, by the Guardian Angel of Russia, and offered by the angel,

³ The coronation day had been remarkable for its brightness in contrast with the rain which preceded and followed.

⁴ The use of the word "Tzar" instead of "Emperor" was partly to give to the sermon a more antique character, partly because it is the word in the Slavonic version of the Bible for "king."

⁵ Alluding to the moment when the Emperor, in the unusual attitude of kneeling, offered up a prayer for the Empire, every one else standing.

¹ A strong Russian metaphor.

² This is a usual Russian hyperbole. The French invasion is called "The invasion of the fierce Gauls with the twenty nations."

'with the prayers of all the saints, upon the golden altar which is before the Throne.'¹

"Let us continue to contemplate these things with joyous hearts, and with the eyes of thought and reason. How does the Sovereign, called to the throne by the benediction of his father, and by the law of succession, seek to secure to himself a higher benediction and consecration? How does the Holy Church endeavour on her side to communicate to the Tzar the consecration and benediction from above? The Orthodox Church commences the ceremony of the coronation by proposing to the Emperor to recite publicly the Orthodox confession of faith. What is the meaning of this act? It signifies that the Church, immovably founded on the rock of faith, desires also to fix and to render immovable on this same rock the Imperial Majesty and the reign which she consecrates and blesses; for if it is true that Jesus Christ, who is over all things by His divinity, has received, as He himself has said, by the merits of His sufferings here below and by His resurrection, all authority on earth as in heaven—if He is, as says St. John in the Apocalypse, 'The Prince of the kings of the earth'—it becomes evident that the Sovereign and the Empire can only then be truly blessed and prosperous, when they are in harmony with Him, and find favour in the eyes of His supreme dominion. And this can only be the case when they confess the faith, and preserve it entire—that faith which is the strength, the means, and the object of government.

"This truth has been acknowledged and acted upon by our Sovereign at his coronation. Would that it might also penetrate the hearts of all the children of his Empire, and particularly those who, in any special function, are called to carry out the sovereign will of the monarch, and to contribute to the happiness of the people!

"The Holy Church crowns the ritual of the coronation as with a spiritual halo; she fills it with the fragrance of the sacred censer by abundant prayer. She stamps each symbol of the Imperial Majesty, the robe, the sceptre, the crown, the globe, with the Divine name of the Holy Trinity. And she does not stop here. To communicate to the monarch a more personal, more mysterious sanctification, she confers on him, by the sacred unction, the seal of the

gifts of the Holy Spirit, calls him to the table of the Lord, and, in the midst of the celebrants, she strengthens him for the heavy burdens of royalty by the Divine food of the Body and Blood of our Lord.

"In meditating on this sacred and majestic spectacle, who will not acknowledge with reverence how great is the significance of the Imperial and Orthodox Sovereignty? It is protected, surrounded, penetrated by the sanctification from above. It seems to me as though I had heard myself the voices of the ancient prophets of Jerusalem speaking in the name of God: 'I have exalted my chosen from amongst my people; I have anointed him with holy oil; my truth and my mercy are with him.' 'Touch not mine anointed.'

"But should the privilege of possessing a monarch, crowned and anointed in the name of God, dispose us only to venerate him, and to rest in the hope of the protection and the Divine assistance to him and to us through him? No; this is not all. A privilege carries necessarily along with it a corresponding obligation. The acceptance of a gift gives rise to the duty of gratitude: an honour received claims to be preserved with dignity. Jesus Christ himself has said, 'To whom much is given, of him much shall be required.' Therefore, if God has given us a consecrated prince, as he is bound to remain worthy of the consecration received, so are we all bound to show ourselves worthy of a prince thus consecrated, in order that the beneficent blessings of the Divine Majesty may flow without hindrance through the channel of the earthly majesty on the Empire and on the people.

"Could it be expected that a holy, and just, and pure God should protect a people by the instrumentality of a Sovereign consecrated by Him, if this people neglects holiness, if it descends recklessly into a pit of sin and perdition, and does not strive to become a people of God by faith and good works? Such an expectation would be inconsistent with reason and with moral feeling.²

"Orthodox Russians! While we thank God for the Prince whom He has given us, let us note well what is required of us in order that

¹ The introduction of these texts in the old Slavonic (explained in modern Russ when necessary) was very characteristic of Philaret's sermons.

² His delivery of this passage (which was understood to have a covert reference to the Government as well as the people) was extremely animated. He added, more strongly than is here expressed, "I need not quote texts of Scripture—I appeal to your reason and common sense."

this gift may indeed bring us all the good it is intended to bring.

"Let us endeavour to be not only in name and in word, but in truth and in act, faithful to the King of Heaven. It is only thus that our fidelity to our most gracious Emperor can be acceptable to God, blessed of Him, satisfying to our Christian conscience, truly helpful to our country. Amen."

After the sermon followed the reading of various passages of Scripture by the Archdeacon, and Deacon of the cathedral. Never did I hear the power of the human voice so put forth, as when the Epistle for the day was read from the 13th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans; the sound rising at the close with each successive word: "Tribute to whom tribute; FEAR TO WHOM FEAR; CUSTOM TO WHOM CUSTOM; **HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR;**" with which last words the Deacon looked round the church with triumph, as he felt how he had made them resound to its utmost extremity. The Epistle from the mouth of this son of thunder was succeeded by the Gospel, read from the 23rd chapter of St. Matthew ("Render unto Caesar," &c.), in the silvery whisper of Philaret, and then commenced the *Te Deum*, with the very unusual circumstance, at its close, of the congregation kneeling; and the whole terminated with the long-resounding peal of the huge bell of Ivan the Great.

Once again I saw the Metropolitan, on the festival of the Beheading of St. John the Baptist—the day of the funeral services of the dead Tsars—celebrated in the cathedral of St. Michael, where they all lie interred, from Ivan I. down to the immediate predecessor of Peter the Great. Philaret and his clergy were there in deep black mourning, and one by one the departed sovereigns were named, with a prayer for "the pardon of their sins, voluntary and involuntary, known to themselves or unknown." There was a hope left even for Ivan the Terrible. The Metropolitan was lifted up to kiss the coffins of the two canonized princes—the murdered Demetrius, last of the line of Rurik, and Chernikoff,

the champion of Russia, slain in the Tartar wars: a striking contrast, to watch the aged, tottering man at the tomb of the little blooming child—the gentle, peaceful prelate at the tomb of the fierce, blood-stained warrior.

Such were my recollections of Philaret. In how completely Oriental and Russian an aspect they present him is sufficiently obvious. But there are two or three points of general instruction which have made it worth while to recall him, whilst his memory is still fresh, to the recollection of Englishmen.

He was an example of the same antiquarian, reactionary, romantic turn of religious sentiment which has spread over the whole of Europe, and which, under one or two well-known designations, is so familiar to ourselves. The revival of a quasi-medieval hermitage and convent, under the name of "Gethsemane," in the woods of his monastery at Troitza, is a sample of this tendency; with much of the fervour, with much also of the feebleness which have characterised the same attempts nearer home.

He was also an instance, not so common amongst ourselves, of combining with this impulse a genuine desire to enlarge the sympathies of his Church towards the direction, not of the high pretensions of the Papal See, but of the dissenters from his own Church in his own country, and of the Protestant and (as it was doubtless held in former times) heretical world of the West. Stories were rife in Russia, twelve years ago, of concessions made by him for the first time to the prejudices of the stiff old Conservative Puritans of the neighbourhood of Moscow, who had hitherto regarded the Established Church as Antichrist. Stories also are current of his gracious reception, not only of the Episcopal Clergy of the English Church, but of the Independent Ministers of the London Missionary Society, whom he gladly welcomed on their passage through Moscow, and showed them all the kindness in his power.¹

¹ *English Independent*, quoted in *Church Opinion*, Dec. 28, 1867.

Finally, it is not without interest to remember that this venerable personage, who has received the homage of English prelates, and in his own country was almost revered as a saint in his lifetime, has, by the formal denial (to which he, with the whole Eastern Church, was committed) of the Double Procession of the Holy Ghost, fallen directly under the anathema of the Athanasian Creed. According to the obvious intention of that famous Creed, according to the view with which it was first received into the Western Church, and the meaning which it must bear for all who accept its words without such a qualification as is tantamount to a virtual repudiation, the gentle and devout Philaret "*cannot be saved,*" and "*shall without doubt perish everlastingly.*" So, doubtless, would have believed the author of the Creed, and the larger part of the Western Church from the eighth to the fifteenth century. But so believe

now probably only a few even in the Roman Church : so, in spite of the continued recitation of that Creed in many of our services, not one amongst the prelates and clergy of the Church of England. So completely has the Christianity of the nineteenth century triumphed, at least in one instance, over the dogmatic authority of the earlier ages.¹ So nearly has the charitable spirit of the present English Church prevailed over the harsh and obsolete meaning of the letter of one of its inherited formularies. So impossible has it been to press that meaning in the face of characters like Philaret, or even of Churches like that of Greece or Russia.

A. P. S.

¹ See, as to the probable date of the Creed, the able statement by "Presbyter Academicus," in this Magazine, November, 1867, and by Mr. Ffoulkes, "Christendom's Divisions," ii. 429-444 ; "Account of the addition of the word 'Filioque,'" p. 27

REALMAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

CHAPTER VII.

"ANOTHER hopelessly wet day, I declare!"

This was the exclamation of Sir John Ellesmere as he stood at the window, having risen from the breakfast table before any of us. Then (aside, but quite audibly), "We shall be sure to have a long reading-to-day. Would it not look pretty if I were to ask for it? (*Aloud.*) I trust, Milverton, you will cheer us up to-day by giving us a good long spell of 'Realmah.' I like it more and more; for I perceive that the great author of that work has been considerably influenced by a much greater and wiser man. I need hardly say that I allude to myself. I have always complained that, in all stories and novels, love occupies too large a part. We have happily got rid of that foolish business in this story."

Johnson. Do not be quite so sure of that, Sir John.

Ellesmere. Oh, Sandy, Sandy! It is your fault, then? You exercise a malign influence over your master, I can see. I really did think that Realma, having got his wonderfully beautiful, but very disagreeable Talora, his work-a-day Varnah (I like that young woman best, and wish that a certain "party" with whom I am distantly connected bore more resemblance to her), and his subtle Cinderella (with a large glass slipper, though), the Ainal, would now be contented.

Lady Ellesmere. It is a great comfort to me that John does not sometimes take the place of Mr. Johnson, although it might relieve me from much of his company, for he would refuse to take down all the nice sentimental bits we women like so much.

Ellesmere. Now, look here: suppose we were to have biography written after the fashion of novels, it would be something of this kind.

I will give you the life of a distinguished Jones. It will not take long.

Silence! The Biography commences.

As a boy, Jones was much like other boys. He was good at ringtaw, bad at Greek grammar; and he abominated those truly abominable things called decimal fractions. With that vivacity of expression and that sincerity of feeling which in after life were always conspicuous in him, he observed one day, when quite a boy, to his friend Master Smith, that Homer was "a regular beast," and he wished "the beggar" had never been born.

As a youth, he was much like other youths. He was justly proud of his peg-topped trousers; thought the governor a good fellow, but rather slow; spoke his native language with a laboured incertitude which was the fashion amongst the gilded youth of the period; and he used the word "awful" on all occasions, informing those who cared to hear that Smith (observe how true he is in his friendships) was awfully jolly, while Robinson was awfully green. At this period of his life, his opinions did not admit of any nice differences of colour. His black was the blackest of blacks; his white the whitest of whites; and, as he always thought, and generally said, a fellow was a fool who did not see things exactly as he saw them. That nice appreciation of character which had enabled him to describe so tersely and so faithfully the nature of old Homer, was extended now to sundry other personages, and embraced Aristotle, Tacitus, John Mill, Sir William Hamilton, Paley, and Colenso. It is but justice to Jones to conjecture that he had already perceived a want of orthodoxy in that last-named personage, although his depreciatory remarks upon that divine chiefly applied to him as an author of certain arithmetical and algebraical works.

When Jones arrived at the age of twenty-three, he was seized by a fever, not uncommon at that age, called the *Febris aman-tium*.

Then come a hundred and seventy-three pages in which there is nothing but a minute description of the symptoms and progress of the disease. We are spared

none of the details. The only thing that in the least degree relieves this painfully medical description is that another person, in the next street, of the other sex, is smitten at the same time with the disease, and the symptoms of the patients are frequently contrasted.

At last they both get over the disease by means of a potent medicine found very efficacious in such complaints, and called marriage.

Then come a few sentences like the following:—

He was a great lawyer, and therefore naturally—indeed I may say inevitably—a great, good, and humane man. His study of the law, the greatest of all studies, had opened his mind for the reception of all arts, sciences, and literatures, including poetry, political economy, metaphysics, theology, and the science of double-entry in book-keeping.

That the human race has advanced to its present pitch of comfort and civilization, to which no one but Mr. Mauleverer can do full justice; that our streets are rendered beautiful by lovely works of art in the shape of statues, fountains, and columns; that smoke is banished from our towns; and that war, according to Mr. Milverton, is a thing unknown amongst the European family of nations—are benefits greatly owing to the labours of this incomparable man.—*End of the Biography.*

Now a dull prosaic person such as I am would like to hear a few details about the manner in which the incomparable Jones accomplished these great objects. But Lady Ellesmere maintains that the fever was the only interesting thing in his life, and would not have a page omitted from that part of the biography.

Mr. Cranmer. I suppose, Sir John, that as Realmah's love affairs are over, or nearly over, he is now to become an inventor; and you have shown such a sympathy for inventors that you will delight in that.

Ellesmere. I never said, Mr. Cranmer, that the lives of inventors were uninteresting. The more mischievous the man, the more interesting in general is his life. Witness that of any great conqueror. It is not easy, let me tell you, to catch me in an inconsistency.

Sir Arthur. I did not meddle much the other day in your talk about modern inventors, and modern inventions, but I had a good deal to say about telegraphic communication. Only I am half afraid to say it, for anything seems dull after the sparkling fun with which Sir John always enlivens our conversations.

Mr. Cranmer. I really should be glad to hear you upon this point, Sir Arthur.

Ellesmere. Cranmer means to say that anything is a relief from Sir John Ellesmere's nonsense. But proceed, Sir Arthur, to instruct us. Conversations should be instructive. See Pinnock, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mangnall, who doubtless confirm this maxim.

Sir Arthur. There are four drawbacks at present on telegraphic communication. 1. A telegram is often inaccurate, and you are in the greatest state of doubt and bewilderment as to the exact meaning of the thing to which you are very likely asked to give an immediate answer.

2. This mode of communication throws a great additional burthen upon those who most require rest, as being the chief directors of the world's affairs. Now they can never feel that their work is done for the day. Telegrams pursue them to their homes, and rout them out of their beds.

3. (And this is most important.) It dwarfs the powers and diminishes the energies of distant agents, who, feeling that they can always throw the responsibility and the difficulty upon the Head Centre, to borrow a word from the Fenians, cease to think or act for themselves; and yet often they are the persons who, from intimate knowledge of the circumstances, could act more wisely than the Head Centre.

4. (This fourth I did not learn from my own experience, but from a man who receives more important telegrams than almost any other person in England.) That having heard the main result by telegram, the dispatches and reports when they come to hand are comparatively uninteresting. "You think you have heard it all before," he said, "or at least you do not know what your knowledge really is about the matter; or at any rate you are confused with partial knowledge. The result is that you do not take things up in their right order, and that details have not their proper interest for you."

Ellesmere. All this admirable. What good sense my poor foolish sayings do sometimes elicit!

Cranmer. Sir Arthur's words are weighty. I may be permitted, however, to remark, that all his objections rest upon the abuse and not the use of telegraphic communication.

Ellesmere. If I dared to be so singular as to do so, how often I should protest against that play upon the words "use" and "abuse!" Moreover, it seemed to me that a great deal of what Sir Arthur said applied most closely to the use, and not to the

abuse. But, there, we shall never agree upon this subject of telegrams. Let us pass to other great inventions, and their authors. I will engage to name an inventor in whose favour no one of you, not even Cranmer, can say anything.

By the way, I did not know that official men, like our friend Cranmer, were so fond of inventors, and so much inclined to take their part. When I was Attorney-General I used to see a good many inventors, and the ungrateful dogs did not burst out into raptures of praise, either of the Admiralty, the War Office, or the Treasury.

But to return to this particular inventor. I have read private Commination Services over him—not using the strong word “cursed,” but merely saying *unblessed*.

Milverton. Who can this unfortunate man be?

Mauleverer. He will not be found to be much worse than the others. I dislike all of them. The fact is, the more you elevate and beautify human life in one direction, the more you render striking the sordidness of it in other directions, and magnify the painful contrast.

Ellesmere. That is cheering, certainly. I am glad to have brother Mauleverer on my side. But I am not prepared to say *ditto* to everything that he says.

Sir Arthur. I should say, or at least I should say that Sir John Ellesmere would say, that it was the man who invented superlatives.

Milverton. Ellesmere is a very mischievous person. I have observed that when anybody has been much in his society, and they want to say a severe thing, they are very apt to put it as a quotation from him.

That puts me in mind of an anecdote which I must tell you, for it is a very droll one. There was a great musician who had a dreadful habit of swearing. But he was very much ashamed of this habit, and so, to excuse himself, always put it as a quotation from the manager of the theatre, who at that time was Mr. Bunn. The great musician would exclaim, “I’ll be d—d (as Mr. Bunn would say) if I will be led by that fellow;” or “D—n the thing (as Mr. Bunn would say), there’s not a single good note of music in it.” I never heard that Mr. Bunn was in the least given to swearing, but the great musician thought that if he quoted his manager, whom he considered the greatest personage in the world, it would keep him harmless from the consequences of this evil habit of swearing.

In like manner, people father their severe sayings upon Ellesmere. You remember that some man said (I think it was a judge),

“David said in his haste; I say deliberately, All men are liars.” Had Ellesmere lived in that judge’s time, the sentence would have run thus:—

“David said in his haste; I say, with brother Ellesmere, deliberately, All men are liars.”

Ellesmere. Commend me to an intimate friend—he must be very intimate—for saying the bitterest things in the softest manner about one. But I’ll pay it all off some fine day upon Realmah.

Mrs. Milverton. But we have never heard who is this inventor so odious to Sir John, for whom we are not to be able to say a good word.

I believe that Mrs. Milverton, who never thoroughly understands Sir John, thought that he was really angry with her husband, and so strove to change the conversation.

Ellesmere. I will not keep you longer in suspense.

I say then “deliberately.” Unblessed be the man who invented starch.

[Great laughter.]

Has he not been an unbounded nuisance to mankind? What shirts, what collars, what torturing neckcloths he has made the human race endure! It will be ninety years before we get rid of his detestable invention. Everything about the human body should be loose, flowing, soft, and curvable; and this wretch has made us to some extent, and our poor forefathers entirely, like hogs in armour.

I often picture to myself the kind of man he was. I am sure he was an official man, Mr. Cranmer, who had vexed a department for thirty years, and then, retiring into private life, spent his remaining years in considering how he could best curb, and oppress, and stiffen up the whole human race.

His life would be interesting, Mr. Cranmer, especially during the inventing period, during which he narrowly escaped strangulation from his newly-invented neckcloth, which he first tried on upon himself. But you must admit that he was a villain of the deepest dye.

Milverton. I have nothing to say for him.

Sir Arthur. Nor I.

Mr. Mauleverer. I have. These minor miseries are very useful in diverting men’s minds from the contemplation of their great afflictions.

Ellesmere. For my part, I prefer contemplating my great afflictions without wearing a collar that is both stiff and jagged

—such a one as Lady Ellesmere sets for me when we have quarrelled. I assure you that this collar does not make me think less of her.

Lady Ellesmere. Will anybody say anything sensible, and prevent John from going on, and talking his nonsense?

Sir Arthur. I rush to the rescue like a gallant knight. I want to say something about the Varnah in "Realmah," who is Ellesmere's favourite. It is very characteristic of such a woman that she should be always wishing "poor Realmah" to be like other people, and that she should be always thinking what people will say.

Ellesmere. Now we really will be serious. I have always maintained, Sir Arthur, that "what people will say" is the one great tyrant, and that the united tyrannies of kings, priests, newspapers, and kaisers, sink into insignificance when compared with hers—Mrs. Grundy's.

Sir Arthur. Mrs. Grundy is an ill-used woman. Long before her time people were ruled by the thought of what other people would say.

I have been always very much struck by the fact that some great baron, ages ago, put up, as a motto, upon some place he built, I suppose his castle,¹ "They have said : let them say."

Milverton. This certainly goes to show that the tyranny that this good baron stood up against is not of recent origin.

I suppose it existed in all ages, till we go back to the early days of Paradise, when Adam and Eve had no neighbours to comment upon them.

Ellesmere. Perhaps you are mistaken about that, Milverton. In those early and innocent days there might have been much more communion between man and the lower animals than there is now; and perhaps our first parents said to one another, "What will the jackals say?" or "This will be unpleasantly remarked upon by the spotted snakes;" or coming home, after a long sweet ramble, to their bower, and seeing a good many toads about (taking care, however, not to hurt them), one spouse

would observe to the other, "We will come home earlier to-morrow, dear; I know that the toads comment severely upon our always being out so late of an evening."

Lady Ellesmere. (To Mrs. Milverton.) He is becoming irreverent as well as silly. I think we will leave the gentlemen, dear.

And so the breakfast-party broke up.

When we met again to hear the reading, Ellesmere descanted upon what he was pleased to call the delusion that besets men of poetic minds, when they are considering the past, and comparing anything done in it with any similar thing done at the present time. Sir Arthur and Milverton might talk to him for ever about the wonderful speeches in the "Araucana." He did not believe there was one of them to be compared to any great charge to a jury of Chief Justice Cockburn's. In fact, he believed he had made better speeches himself than any savage that was ever born. But perhaps I had better let him speak for himself.

Ellesmere. Now I believe that when Realmah made his speech you were all called into council. At any rate there were four of you—Milverton, Sandy, Mrs. Milverton, and my wife. I know it was so, because Lady Ellesmere was very mysterious and kept me out of the study, though she went in herself; and in the distance I heard a pompous noise of rolling, rumbling sentences.

There were four of you, then, besides Realmah, and two or three attendant nymphs. Notwithstanding this agglomeration of sagacity, you contrived to make a most egregious blunder. In the first part of the speech Realmah treated external observance as if it were most unimportant: the devotion of the heart was everything.

In the second part of the speech, external observance was of the utmost importance. There were not two right ways of doing a thing, &c. &c.

Mrs. Milverton. I do believe that Sir John is jealous of Realmah's powers of speaking.

Sir Arthur. As to an inconsistency of this kind, I think nothing of it. Show me any great modern speech, and the chances are that I will point out a similar inconsistency. In good public speaking the audience make half of the speech. The orator discerns what pleases them, and, to influence them, dwells upon that topic

¹ It was one of the Lords Marischal.

"On Marischal College, Aberdeen, which the Earl founded in 1593, and endowed with a portion of the doomed spoil, the inscription in large letters remained on the building till 1836, when these were taken down to make room for the present structure:—

"They say?
Quhat say thay?
They haif sayd!
Lat thame say!"

—Buchan, by the Rev. John B. Pratt. 1853.

which he sees takes their fancy, and gains their applause, even if it militates somewhat against what he has said before.

Mauleverer. Very true! I want to return, however, to the point from which Sir John started, when he spoke of the delusion manifested by imaginative men in overpraising the past.

There is nothing so foolish as the praise of men, except it be their censure; and the man who thinks that the past *has been* better than the present, is, if possible, a greater fool than he who expects that the future *will be* better than the present.

The life of man is, I tell you, one dead level of stupidity and error. There may be slight inequalities at different periods of the world's history; but these need no more be taken into account than the trifling inequalities in the earth's surface, which, when compared with its main bulk, are absolutely inappreciable.

Ellesmere. Let us have the reading immediately. A stop must be put to Mauleverer's dreary sayings. I believe he is hired by Milverton to reduce us to the proper state of depression for listening submissively to his story.

Besides I foresee that Realmah will fall into great trouble. That meddling sort of prematurely wise young fellow always does fall into trouble; and then we shall not be too much agitated by his misfortunes, Mauleverer having convinced us that a dead level of misfortune is the normal condition of mankind. There are no cheerful rapid rivers, bright upspringing fountains, merry cascades, resounding waterfalls, pellucid lakes, breezy, boisterous, jovial seas; but it is all one dull, turbid, changeless, level line of canal waters that we behold, and upon which we travel, towed by horses lean as Death, angry-eyed as Passion, and conducted by Fate as a bargeman, whence we know not, and whither we know not, except that the whither and the whence are, alike, abodes of misery and gloom. I believe, though, there are some good dinners to be had on the road.

Milverton. Do you know, Ellesmere, that was rather a fine sentence—that last but one of yours?

Ellesmere. Thank you, patron. I rather think it was: I meant it to be. I am not the rose, but I have lived near the rose, at any rate near the sweetbriar and the dog-rose. I cannot write much myself, but I have my own poor ideas of what writing should be. I have even a scheme of what a sentence should be like—I do not mean an ordinary sentence, but one which is to convey some considerable meaning, and to

do some work. I am not sure that even my good friends, Sir Arthur and Mr. Milverton, always fulfil my ideal; but then, we romantic men form such high ideals.

Sir Arthur. Pray lay down the lines for us, Ellesmere. We will endeavour henceforth to build our poor vessels in accordance with them. Pray tell us what a weighty sentence should be.

Ellesmere. It should be powerful in its substantives, choice and discreet in its adjectives, nicely correct in its verbs: not a word that could be added, nor one which the most fastidious would venture to suppress: in order lucid, in sequence logical, in method perspicuous; and yet with a pleasant and inviting intricacy which disappears as you advance in the sentence: the language, throughout, not quaint, not obsolete, not common, and not new: its several clauses justly proportioned and carefully balanced, so that it moves like a well-disciplined army organized for conquest: the rhythm not that of music, but of a higher and more fantastic melodiousness, submitting to no rule, incapable of being taught: the substance and the form alike disclosing a happy union of the soul of the author to the subject of his thought, having, therefore, individuality without personal predominance: and withal, there must be a sense of felicity about it, declaring it to be the product of a happy moment, so that you feel that it will not happen again to that man who writes the sentence, or to any other of the sons of men, to say the like thing so choicely, tersely, mellifluously, and completely.

We all looked at one another amazed, for Sir John is not wont to talk to us in this way. It was pretty to see Lady Ellesmere. She got up and leaned over Sir John's chair, and looked at us with a look of pleasant defiance, as much as to say, "You see that my husband, when he chooses, can talk better sense, as well as better nonsense, than any of you."

He continued:—

Ellesmere. You may now, Milverton, proceed in your reading, and I trust that there may be a sentence here and there to which I may conscientiously give my approval.

Milverton. I have no such hope. To make such killingly complete sentences is far beyond my power.

The reading then commenced.

THE STORY OF REALMAH.

CHAP. XI.

THE SHEVIRI TAKE THE FIELD AGAINST
THE PHELATAHS—REALMAH IS MADE
PRISONER.

It was not to be expected that the Sheviri would tamely submit to the base and insulting treatment they had experienced from the Phelatahs. They immediately prepared a warlike expedition to go and attack Abinamanche, the chief town of the Phelatahs. In this expedition Realmah had an honourable place.

The campaign was long and varied, and was not crowned with any great success on either side.

It is to be remarked, as very fortunate for these southern people, that the northern tribes did not invade them at this juncture; and that the approach of the northern people, which had been firmly believed in by the Phelatahs when they sent their ambassador to Abibah, was not so imminent as they had supposed.

Throughout the campaign Realmah displayed great skill and bravery; too much bravery, however, for one whose physical powers were so weak. In an obscure skirmish that took place nearly at the end of the campaign, Realmah was separated from his followers, and was captured by the Phelatahs.

The Sheviri had to return to their city, and to carry home the unwelcome news to the Chief of the East that his nephew was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

Great efforts were made to ransom Realmah, or to obtain his release by an exchange of prisoners; but these efforts were unavailing. The Phelatahs were well aware what an important person Realmah was, both as a man of counsel and as a man of action, and they revengefully remembered how he had thwarted them in their great scheme of treachery which was the occasion of the war.

For month after month the captive languished in a prison in Abinamanche.

The populace clamoured for his death; and the chiefs of the Phelatahs were obliged so far to give way to the wishes of their people as to promise that on a certain day during the festival of the New Moon, the prisoner should be sacrificed in honour of that deity.

Realmah, who had become a great favourite with those who guarded him, and with some of those who visited him (of one of whom more will be said hereafter), soon perceived, by the increase of their kindness towards him, that his end was approaching. He felt it bitterly. It seemed hard to him that one who like himself was devoted chiefly to great ends should perish thus immaturely, and without having given any convincing proof of the worth that he felt was in him.

There are few things more touching than to see one who has played a great part no longer able to play it—but still going on playing it. To witness, for instance, the efforts of a great singer who remains too long upon the stage, and who has all the graceful ways and manners which accompanied and evolved his past successes; but now they are unproductive, and the result rather resembles a pantomime. The audience, having tender recollections of the man's past greatness, endeavours affectionately to fill up gaps, and to consider as done, and even well done, that which is but vaguely intimated; and there is an applause, genuine in its way, but which is only the result of loving memories.

Still the great actor on the stage of life, or on the mimic stage, *has* played his part, and the remembrance of past triumphs soothes and supports the man; renders both for himself and those who hear him the failure less conspicuous; and fills up, both for him and for them, what is now, alas! but a sadly incomplete representation.

But to die early with a sense of power, unused power, and to have executed nothing: this was the burden upon Realmah's soul during the long days he remained in his prison.

Metastasio makes his Themistocles, when in exile, grandly exclaim, "Future ages will envy me, perhaps, more for my misfortunes than for my triumphs."¹

But then there must have been triumphs to make the misfortunes effective and memorable. The world does not interest itself much in the career of a man who is uniformly unfortunate. Now Realmah, in the depressed state in which his imprisonment had left him, did not even give himself credit for the sagacity which had originally baffled the designs of the Phelatahs.

So far as regards his thoughts about the past: with regard to the future, it was not an over-proud thought in him to think that his life, if spared, would have been a useful one, and that his premature death would be a loss to his country. Of private friends he had but few, for his was a reserved nature, and being very different from most of the young men of his nation, greatly inferior to them in personal prowess, greatly superior to them in power of thought, he had never had much companionship with any of them. He thought, as was natural, of those who would mourn especially for him. There was the good old chief, his uncle, who would miss the prop to his greatness that Realmah was becoming. There was his aged nurse, who, he felt, would die of grief when she should hear the sad tidings of his death. There was his foster-brother, who understood him little, but loved him much. There were his wives, Talora, the Varnah, and the Ainah. He felt that they, too, would mourn for him; but not for very long; and he calmly made up his mind to die, and began to look with some little interest to the life beyond the grave.

The greatest of sentimental writers has brought before us the miseries of imprisonment by representing vividly the wretchedness of one single prisoner; but it is to be recollected that there have been periods of the world when the numbers of imprisoned individuals would

have amounted to a large army, each of the private soldiers in this army of sufferers being sodden with misery, languishing with little hope, and expecting, by way of change, torture or death.

CHAP. XII.

THE PERILS OF A SPY.

It was a lovely day in autumn, one of those days when it seems happiness enough to be alive, and when a prisoner, however resolved and courageous his nature, might feel a great unwillingness to die.

But, strange to say, it is precisely on these days that it is found that men are most ready to die; for the notion that suicide is more common in bad weather than in good, has long been exploded by facts which tell quite a different tale.

Perhaps it is, that on these beautiful days the higher powers seem to be more beneficent, and the wretch overladen with misery thinks that he can trust more to their mercy, and that he may find on his exit from this life—

"An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the
brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

The building in which Realmah was a prisoner was raised some seven feet from the ground before the first floor commenced, and this slight elevation enabled him to look down on an open street that led to the water, and to see the men and women passing over the causeways, going to their work in the plain and the woods near the lake.

It did not, however, enable him to perceive a timid, slouching figure of a wayworn, haggard-looking young woman, who hovered near these groups of working-people, apparently engaged in collecting fagots.

Realmah looked long at the beautiful scene, with the blue water, the blue sky, the bright plains near the lake, the distant brown woods, and the quaint buildings which seemed somehow to harmonise with the scene; but these

¹ "Invidieranno
Forse l'età future,
Piu che i trionfi miei, le mie sventure."

things did not console him ; he might have said with a modern poet—

"I see them all so beautifully fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are."

The buildings at Abinamanche, as at Abibah, were chiefly low, but there towered above them, in the most fantastic forms, vanes and weathercocks of every description. It was natural that people who paid so much attention to the four quarters—the east, west, north, and south—should delight in weathercocks. These fantastic ornaments, reflected in the waters, added a certain beautiful grotesqueness to the picture.

It was, however, something comic that most arrested Realmah's attention. Perched upon three rocks, at about equal distances from each other, were three cranes, each resting on one leg. Whether there is something peculiarly comic in these solemn-looking birds, or whether Realmah happened to think of a proverb much in vogue amongst his countrymen—"The crane pretends to listen to his nymph, but all the while is looking sharply after his fish,"—I do not know, but a smile came over his countenance, which afterwards relapsed into melancholy, as he drew back from the aperture, and sat down upon the ground.

Meanwhile, and indeed all day long, the timid figure of that young woman we have noticed remained within sight, but beyond the ken of the parties of labourers who were at work in the country near Abinamanche. She was observing how the women of the lower orders amongst the Phelatahs were dressed, and endeavouring to arrange her dress so as to resemble theirs, in order that she might pass in their company unnoticed into the town, when the shades of evening should come on.

At length the day's labour was over, and the men and women began to troop over the causeways into the town. Now this travel-worn stranger went with them. She succeeded in passing unnoticed over the drawbridge, where the crowd was dense, but a different fate befell her when she got into the open streets.

The truth is, that this poor stranger had made a great mistake in the arrangement of her dress. The maidens amongst the Phelatahs were distinguished from the matrons, and the matrons from the maidens, by slight distinctions in dress. She first copied the head-dress of one group, who happened to be all maidens, and then copied the way in which another group, who happened to be all matrons, wore their upper tunic ; so that, in the eyes of a Phelatah, she made a most ridiculous and incongruous appearance—dressing herself both as a matron and a maiden.

She had not gone far along the main street, which led from the drawbridge into the centre of the town (and which was called the Street of Primroses), before a boy spied out this strangely-dressed person, and shouted, "The little girl-wife ! The little girl-wife !" There was soon a mob of boys and girls following her. This attracted the notice of the elder people, who were greatly scandalised at her appearance.

The crowd now thickened about her : questions were asked who she was, and whether she was mad. She implored to be allowed to go away ; and her speech at once betrayed that she was not a Phelatah. They instantly concluded that she was a spy. The guards at the drawbridge were summoned, and by them she was carried off to the house of the eldest chieftain. He thought that this woman's presence boded the approach of an enemy, and lost no time in calling together the council of the chiefs.

It was soon conjectured by them that her coming had something to do with Realmah ; and it was resolved to confront the two, and to see if they could be surprised into any signs of recognition.

Realmah was accordingly sent for. He thought that his death was now imminent, and summoned up all his courage to meet his approaching doom.

When he was brought before the council, not a word was said to him. Gestures of high politeness passed between him and the great chiefs of the Phelatahs, but there was dead silence in the council-room.

Suddenly the captive was brought in between two guards, and all eyes were directed towards Realmah.

Now Realmah was a man of great craft and subtlety. Perhaps the only drawback to his greatness was, that he was so crafty and so subtle, for it is not the part of a great man to be crafty and subtle. But on this day it did him "yeoman's service." There was, it is true, a slight movement of the muscles near his mouth, but it was concealed by his beard, for these so-called savages, wiser than many civilized people, did not shave; and the two prisoners regarded each other apparently with stolid indifference.

The captive was Realmah's Ainah.

Realmah, of course, had not failed at once to recognise the Ainah, worn though she was by toil and anxiety; but he felt that any recognition would be fatal to both of them.

"Who is this woman?" said the oldest chief of the Phelatahs to Realmah; and Realmah, without hesitation, replied, "She must be one of my people. Perhaps she brings offers for my ransom, though methinks" (and here he assumed an appearance of haughtiness) "my people might have sent some one of more dignity than this poor woman to negotiate the ransom of one of their chiefs. But speak to her; her words will soon show from whence she comes."

This was a most artful reply on the part of Realmah. He comprehended the situation at once, or at least what he did comprehend was sufficiently near to the true state of the case to make his reply most judicious. He imagined that some effort for his rescue was about to be made by his fellow-countrymen, and that the good-natured Ainah (he had always recognised her good nature) had consented to come beforehand, and prepare him for any emergency. He had not attempted to conceal the fact of her being one of his countrywomen, because he felt that was sure to be discovered the moment that she spoke; and a wise man always makes up his mind to what is inevitable, and appears to welcome it.

No. 100.—VOL. XVII.

The old chief then cross-questioned the Ainah. She was one of those people who have a great capacity for darkening their meaning by many confused words, and she told how she had come to seek for her husband, a common soldier amongst the Sheviri, who had been wounded, they told her, not killed; and what her mother-in-law had said to her, and what she had said to her mother-in-law; and what good people the Phelatahs were; and what a sad affair it was for her being without her husband; and that there was no fish in the house; and that the boys and girls in this town had been very rude to her—but boys and girls were a torment everywhere.

Then she said that she wondered, for her part, that near neighbours could not be friends; but it was all the men's fault. They went out to fight, in order to amuse themselves, and to get away from their wives, and to throw all the burthen of the housework upon poor women. Here the chiefs could not help laughing, upon which the Ainah appeared to become more angry than ever, and dilated at large, in uncouth language, upon the various misdeeds and general misbehaviour of the male sex. She declared that, for her part (quite changing her story), she had come to look for her poor man, not that he was of any use to anybody, but perhaps he would be starved if he were left to himself; and so she supposed it was her duty to come, but she did not expect to be treated in this way. In fact, to use a modern phrase, she gave them all "a bit of her mind."

Finally she succeeded in producing the impression on most of the chiefs that she was a shrewish little woman, who had been accustomed to scold her husband, and felt now the want of somebody to scold.

Realmah wondered at the ingenuity of the Ainah. Once for a moment their eyes met, whilst she was in the midst of her scolding harangue, and the incipient laugh that there was in the eyes of both of them might have betrayed them if some of the chiefs at that moment had not been remarking to each other jest-

ingly that if this was a specimen of the female sex in Abibah, it was no wonder that the Sheviri fought pretty well, for anything would be better than going home to such a woman.

Still there were some amongst the chiefs who were not entirely convinced of the truth of this story. Their prudent counsel prevailing, it was eventually ordered that the Ainah should be conveyed to prison; and hints were thrown out to her of torture to be administered next day, if it was found that she had not told the whole truth to the Great Council.

Realmah was conducted back to his prison; and, after a short interval, the Ainah was taken to her place of durance, which was a room in the same building.

So far the Ainah's enterprise, whatever it was, had not proved very successful.

CHAP. XIII.

THE ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

AT night, Realmah was always bound; but the guards who had charge of the Ainah did not care to bind this helpless-looking, insignificant young woman.

Realmah's thoughts that night were very bitter. The poets say that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things;" but there is no sorrow for a generous mind that eats into the heart so closely as thinking that you have brought evil upon others, and that they are to suffer for your sake. Realmah feared that it would go ill with the Ainah the next day. He knew that there was one man in that council who was perfectly aware of the relation between them. To that man he had given one imploring look while she was telling her story; but he could not discern whether that look was answered favourably or not. Upon that man much of the fate of the south of Europe at that time depended; but it is not now a fitting occasion to enter upon that subject. Moreover, Realmah conjectured that there were in Abinamanche some com-

mon soldiers of the Sheviri, who, like himself, had been taken prisoners. The probability was that they knew the Ainah very well; and, in fine, he felt certain that it would be discovered who she was.

Realmah, suffering greater misery than he had hitherto endured, remained for some hours sleepless in his bonds. Notwithstanding all this misery, there was, occasionally, a strange feeling of pleasure in his mind connected with the Ainah. He was continually thinking with admiration of her cleverness, and pitying her to himself for her wan looks. He thought, too, there was some affection as well as archness in the glance with which the Ainah favoured him when she was descanting upon the good-for-nothing husband she had come to look after. Suddenly he fancied he heard a soft voice whispering his name. Soon he was assured that it was not fancy, and that the Ainah was close to him on the other side of the wooden division that separated his prison chamber from the next one. How she got there, and what was the nature of her enterprise, are now to be told.

During the many months that Realmah had remained in prison, there was one faithful heart in Abibah which never ceased to think of the peril of her Realmah. Through the long nights the Ainah meditated as to what could be done to rescue him. She did not dare to interfere as long as there was any hope from the public negotiations on his behalf. When these failed, she made up her mind to attempt his rescue herself. She did not speak of her determination to any one. What she greatly relied upon to aid her in her enterprise was a wine-skin which she took with her, containing the choicest and most intoxicating liquor known to the Sheviri. This was prepared from honey and from various herbs, amongst which was the *voroo*, a powerful opiate. The Ainah also took with her some strips of dried deer's flesh, and a very sharp instrument made of quartz, which was the pride and delight of the Var-nah, and which she had brought with

her as part of her marriage dowry. This the Ainah now abstracted furtively.

She set off one morning before day-break ; and, when missed, no one took much heed of her departure but the Varnah, who mourned over the loss of a good helpmate, and, moreover, regretted the theft, as she was pleased to call it, of the sharp instrument of quartz, which was the most perfect one of that kind known in the town of Abibah.

Meanwhile, the Ainah, as we have seen, made her way without much difficulty to the outskirts of the town of Abinamanche, subsisting chiefly on berries, for she hoarded up the strips of deer's flesh for a great occasion.

Now Abinamanche was built very much in the same form as Abibah—a fact which was well known to the Sheviri. The Ainah, therefore, thought that she could readily make her way to the principal buildings, which were placed in similar positions to those in her own town. Her plan was to approach the prison by night ; to allow herself to be despoiled of her wine-skin by Realmah's warders ; to watch for its effect upon them ; and then to attempt, by means of the quartz instrument, to cut a way from the outside into Realmah's prison. She conjectured, and was right in her conjecture, that this building was constructed of wood, and would not be very strong, for both the Sheviri and the Phelatahs relied more upon guards than upon prison walls, which, with their knowledge of building materials, was certainly prudent. There were guards posted day and night about the prison of Realmah.

We have seen how the Ainah got into the town, and by what mistake on her part she had been recognised. Her original plan had therefore been defeated ; but a favourable chance and her own cunning and nimble wit had, in reality, brought her closer to Realmah than she could have hoped to have been brought if her original plan of escaping notice had been successful.

As the Ainah, after her examination by the Council, was being taken to prison by the soldiers, four in number,

who were to watch at her prison room for the night, and to be answerable for her appearance next day, she contrived to show that she was secreting something, and thus to awaken curiosity.

Afterwards, when she was in her prison room, suspecting that through some aperture they were watching her, she, in a furtive manner, appeared to drink something from the wine-skin, which contained the powerful liquid before mentioned. Soon afterwards one of the soldiers entered the room, and, rudely jesting with her, partly by entreaty, and partly by force, compelled her to give up the wine-skin to him. She threatened to scream for assistance to her fellow-countryman in the next apartment. This was a mere guess of hers, thrown out to gain some knowledge of the spot where Realmah was confined. And it succeeded, for the soldier told her that she might scream, as the young cripple was two rooms off ; and if he were to hear he could do nothing. "The next room is empty, so scream away, my pretty young maiden," said the soldier, ironically and tauntingly. And so saying, he left her.

The guards who watched the Ainah did not partake their prize with the guards who watched Realmah, and who were stationed at the other end of the building. The potent liquor, divided amongst so few, soon had its effect : they were first merry, then noisy and quarrelsome, then silent.

The Ainah, who had carefully watched for these signs, then commenced her operations. In two hours' time, working very softly with the sharp quartz instrument, she had made an aperture sufficiently large for her to crawl through into the next chamber. It was then that she whispered Realmah's name, and told him what means she had with her for escape. She had meant to make a small opening, which would be soon cut, and to pass the quartz instrument through it, enabling him to do the rest of the work quickly. To her dismay she learnt from him that he was bound, and that she would have to do the work herself, not knowing where the weak

points of the woodwork were. Three long hours were passed in an agony of fear by both of them before she succeeded in cutting her way into his room, for it was the strong room of the prison, in which the greatest offenders were always confined. His bonds were soon severed, and the prisoners commenced to make their escape, passing through the vacant apartment into the room in which the Ainah had first been placed.

It was now two hours past midnight, and there was still an exit to be made from this room. They boldly resolved to try the door, and they cut out that part where the simple latch that fastened it on the outside was placed. This did not take more than half an hour. They then opened the door gently, descended the steps, passed the sleeping guard; and Realmah, though still in the midst of a hostile city, felt that he was once more a free man, and he could have shouted for joy at his deliverance. He was not, however, the kind of man to indulge in shouting before he was thoroughly out of danger.

CHAP. XIV.

THE FLIGHT.

SILENTLY the fugitives glided through the deserted streets, and made their way to the drawbridges. They had not a hope of finding these bridges let down, or unguarded; and were prepared to swim across to shore. By a fortunate accident, however, that night there was a drawbridge, to the south-east of the town, which had not been raised, and the two warders belonging to it were fast asleep. Using the utmost care, the fugitives passed noiselessly over the causeway, and gained the shore. Now the town of Abibah lay to the east of Abinamanche. Realmah had often thought what he would do if, by any lucky chance, he should make his escape. There was a long strip of open ground on the shore. Over this they hurried along, proceeding westwards; Realmah, to the astonishment of

his companion, treading heavily so as to insure the marks of his sandals being seen in the ground. When they had proceeded half a mile in this way, they diverged into a wood which lay towards the south, and through this wood they went, still in a westerly direction. The moon was very bright, and Realmah was able to thread his way without much difficulty. He ascended, with great labour (for from his infirmity he was not agile), a lofty tree, the foliage of which was thickly interlaced with other trees. From this tree he passed to another, and from that other to a third, and then, taking off his sandals, descended with the utmost caution. Carefully choosing the hardest ground, when he came near to the spot where he had left the Ainah, he bade her rejoin him, telling her to take care to step as lightly as possible. When she had done so, they changed the direction of their flight, and proceeded swiftly for about three miles to the east, so that the town of Abinamanche now lay to the west of them. There they halted again. Not a word had been spoken by either except the words of command that were necessary for Realmah to direct his Ainah.

The fugitives lay down upon the ground. It was an embarrassing moment for Realmah. He would have liked to have burst into an effusion of thanks and even tenderness towards his preserver; but the relations between them had hitherto been so cold that he hardly knew how to begin. At last he uttered a few words of praise for her skill. She recounted the various steps that she had taken to effect his escape: he told her of his sufferings in prison. Afterwards, she related to him the news of Abibah, and all that had happened at home during his absence.

The subtle Realmah contrived by artful questions to detect, to some extent, from the Ainah, who, however, had no intention of enlightening him, how much his loss had been felt by the Varnah and by Talora. The truth was, that the Varnah had really missed him, having grown accustomed to look after him and care for him; and that Talora

had been very cross at his absence, had blamed him exceedingly for his folly in allowing himself to be captured, and had greatly deplored her own forlorn situation.

Realmah and the Ainah talked on in the douce, quiet way that two youths who had been concerned in some great enterprise, and were still in great peril, would have talked. At length the Ainah, who was oppressed by fatigue and want of food—for she had stinted herself in order that they might have something to eat in case they should escape—fell asleep.

Throughout that night, Realmah sat entranced in thought. There are times when our lives come before us in imagination, not by the recalling or forecasting of individual facts or events, but these are grouped together as it were in large pictures,—landscapes, as they might be called, of the mind; and Realmah now saw his past life, and his probable future life, laid out before him in a strange weird way, the brightness of a morning sun illumining the pictures of the past, the rich hues of a setting sun gilding, and yet softening, the colours of the grander scenes of the future.

As was natural, having just escaped a great peril, in his picture of the future, perils fell into beautiful forms, and it was a picture of success he painted, in which he was to accomplish his high ends and noble purposes. And then, with a certain feeling of profound melancholy, there fell upon him a sense of the futility of it all; and the great questions—Why are we here? What does it all mean? What does it all tend to? came upon him with a force and a pathos far greater than they would upon modern minds; for he had no reason to think that the burthen of such thoughts was partaken by any human being.

Still he resolved to do the work that lay before him, whatever might come of it, or of him.

When the morning broke, his thoughts were diverted into other channels, as he contemplated the sleeping Ainah.

I have said that what little beauty she possessed lay in expression rather

than in features; and for the first time Realmah perceived this beauty. Even the fatigue and anxiety she had gone through had improved her looks, creating a refinement in her countenance which had not always in former days been perceptible in it.

Gradually it dawned upon him how it was that neither the Varnah nor Talora had sought to do what the Ainah had done, and he knew for the first time what love should be, and who was really lovable. Eventually the bold idea came into his mind that he would kiss the sleeping girl; but he felt ashamed to do so, for he thought within himself, "There is the girl I have treated as a slave, and upon whom I have never bestowed one thought of real affection; and now, because she has saved my life, I begin to discern that she is beautiful and loving,—perhaps the only woman, besides my dear old foster-nurse, who does love me in the world."

At that moment the Ainah awoke. She timidly took his hand, and kissed it. Emboldened by this mark of affection, he embraced her warmly, and poured his thanks into her ears. She looked at him with astonishment, murmured something about her duty, and, as if divining his thoughts, said, that she had not intrusted the others with her enterprise, because she felt that they could not aid her. She knew that her low condition and common appearance would enable her to enter the town of Abinamanche with less observation than that which the Varnah or Talora would have had to encounter. She was sure they would have flown to rescue him, had it been possible for them to do so.

Realmah now found himself placed in a most embarrassing position.

There is hardly any man who has attained middle life who has not—socially speaking—found himself in some very strange position. He has, for instance, sat next, at some feast, to some person, unknown to him by countenance, but well known to him by repute as one of his greatest opponents and bitterest enemies. Each has, on this occasion, found the other very

likeable and agreeable, and each has been shocked, amazed, and almost startled out of his prejudices, when by some accident it has been revealed to both of them with whom it was that each had been talking in this most friendly manner.

Or, to take another instance, your next neighbour at a dinner pours out to you, in confidence, being rather taken with you, his especial dislike to yourself, and his contempt for your writings, your pictures, or your statues, or your conduct as a politician; for he, poor man, has no idea that you are yourself, but, having heard that you are in the company, has mistaken the man opposite for you.

But all these positions of awkwardness may almost be said to be pleasant when compared with that in which Realmah now found himself. To have lived in close domestic intimacy with a woman; never to have pretended even to love her; to owe his life to a great and perilous effort on her part to rescue him; then to fall in love with her; and not to know how to begin the love-making, which ought to have begun long ago; to feel that any love now proffered might seem to be merely gratitude:—surely this is a position in which few lovers have ever found themselves, and which Realmah had now to encounter. He was a skilful talker, and probably owed much of his popularity to his being able to enter into conversation with any person, of whatever rank, with whom he was thrown in contact. But, on this occasion, he sat by the side of his Ainah, and could not find anything to say, though, in his heart, he was longing to pour out his love for her. To talk of commonplace things would, he felt, be supremely ridiculous.

At last, however, like a wise man, he resolved to make the plunge at once, and, after a long pause, thus began: "What could make you take all this trouble, and go through such peril, for a foolish, dim-eyed man like me, who never had the sagacity to see what a treasure he possessed in you, or the

tenderness to say one really kind or loving word to you? You are a very silly child. You should have let Realmah die in prison, and then have married some one more worthy of your love."

But the Ainah only replied by clasping his hand in hers, and with downcast looks softly saying, "But what if I was so silly as only to love my lord Realmah, whom it was presumption in the poor fisher-girl to love at all?"

Then ensued a long pause, which was owing, on Realmah's part, to a most ludicrous circumstance. The truth was, he had forgotten her name. He had, of course, heard it on the day she was brought to him, but he had entirely forgotten it. Such titles as the "Ainah" and the "Varnah" were merely words used in the household, and in the presence of other persons, and no lover ever thought of using them when alone with his beloved. Realmah had been struck with this in the few words he had just addressed to the Ainah, and he felt that it would be almost an insult to go on pretending to make love to a young woman whose name he, of all men, should know, but which had entirely faded from his memory.

Poor Realmah sat there in silence, cogitating over the names most common amongst his countrywomen, and vainly torturing his memory as to which could be the right one. At length, when the silence was becoming ominous, he resolved as it were to make a clean breast of it, and exclaimed—

"Here is a miserable wretch of a man who would wish to express all the love he feels for his beloved, and does not even know her name."

The Ainah laughed,—a low, pleasant laugh,—then threw her arms round his neck, and whispered, "Lufra." It was one of the common names which poor Realmah had thought of, and which he naturally could not now help wishing that he had been bold enough to try. But perhaps it was better, as he thought with the wisdom of a second thought, that he had concealed nothing from his Lufra, and that he might now begin

from the beginning and address her as if she had been some gracious stranger with whom he had become acquainted for the first time that day. He did not fail to play his part well as a lover. He said that others amongst the Sheviri might talk of their nymphs, who watched over their destinies and defended them from all harm; but henceforth the only nymph he should worship would be his Lufra. She hastened to put her hand upon his lips, for these were sadly irreverent words (Realmah was certainly not orthodox); but, though irreverent, the words were singularly pleasing to the girl, and Realmah did not fail to kiss the hand which sought to save him from the anger of his heavenly nymph.

The first embarrassment overcome, Realmah was fluent, ardent, and eloquent; and much time passed away, during which the lovers spoke of all their love to each other.

He confided to her his great schemes and hopes for the nation, and found her a worthy recipient of his high thoughts. Gradually he gained from her the knowledge of how his courtesy to a poor girl like her had won her timid love, and a hundred times he offered to her his fond excuses for having been indifferent to, indeed unconscious of, her love. They both felt that their love must for ever remain somewhat concealed, because it would not be thought right for a man of his dignity and high rank to be in love with his Ainah.

She then produced from her wallet a strip of dried deer's flesh, all of which she would have insisted upon his eating, but that he was peremptory and commanded her to share it with him.

Having finished their hasty meal they proceeded on their way to Abibah, strangely joyful fugitives, indeed almost reckless ones, for in their great love they had forgotten their imminent dangers. Realmah, however, always made the Ainah precede him by a step or two, for he feared a surprise from the rear.

CHAP. XV.

THE FINAL DANGER.

THE scene which the fugitives were now approaching was one of the grandest in that part of the world. There was a huge amphitheatre of level land, enclosed by mountains. Conspicuous amongst these mountains was the Bidolo-Vamah, which was like no other mountain far or near. Bidolo-Vamah means "a ruined mountain;" and it was indeed like a ruin. It was as if some mountain of the ordinary kind had been upheaved, and had then in mid-air burst asunder in all directions, torn by some volcanic eruption. Even in mountains there are some prevailing forms, but Bidolo-Vamah was shapeless, hideous, confused; and yet there was a strange attraction in it which drew the eyes of all men upon it.

There were, as was to be expected, strange legends about this mountain. Some said that all the mountains were bad, defying spirits; and that Bidolo-Vamah had been their chief, and upon his devoted head had fallen with most fury the thunder-blasts of heaven. Others—but these were the poets of the people—said that these mountains had been great and wicked kings, who had been transformed into stone for their wickedness, and that Bidolo-Vamah had been the arch tyrant of them all.

The level country was most rich and fertile. Those things which were but small ordinary weeds in other parts of the earth, rose here in fullest magnitude and richest beauty. The bushes and trees were of corresponding size, and the luxuriance of all vegetation was such that the plain seemed as if it were meant for a garden of primeval giants, and not for the small race of men who had to subdue it, and to live upon it.

The fugitives had now approached the outskirts of the wood which lay between Abinamanche and Abibah; and the trees were becoming scattered. Still the undergrowth of splendid weeds, gorgeous

flowers, and rich grasses, embarrassed their movements. These latter began to take the form of water-grasses, for the fugitives were rapidly approaching the great river Ramassa, which takes a curve from the hill country and crosses the pathway usually traversed between the two towns of Abinamanche and Abibah, at about a mile from the latter.

Realmah had intended to swim across this river, carrying the Ainah with him. He was the most expert swimmer of his nation. His deformity, like that of Lord Byron, was not a hindrance in the water. Then, as from his early years he had been left much at home, he had amused himself by swimming about in the lake, while the other young men of his nation were hunting in the woods or cultivating the lowlands. Besides—and this is a very curious fact,—neither the Sheviri nor the Phelatahs, though their habitations were on the water, were at all attached to that element. They looked upon it as a means of defence, but they were neither good swimmers nor good boatmen. And, as we see to the present day in some nations, their genius did not lead them to love the water, and they were afraid of it.

The shades of evening were coming on when the two fugitives were nearing the extreme outskirts of the wood. They had been silent for some time, being much overcome by fatigue and exhaustion. Suddenly the Ainah began to sing softly that beautiful song which was such a favourite among the Sheviri, and which begins thus—

“Melaiah, Paraiah, amadala parée,
Invannah doveeno, corosa Ramee.”

It was in truth a beautiful song. The main idea of it was this: all created things grow, but love: that, from the first, is infinite. The burden of the song may be translated thus—

“All creatures grow but the Great God,
And my fond love for thee.”

Then the song went on to say how the oak was once an acorn; and the branch was once a bud: how the blazing day was once grey morning; and the full

moon was once a little curve of light. And then the burden of the song came in again,

“All creatures grow but the Great God,
And my fond love for thee.”

The Ainah never committed a graver error than in attempting to sing that song. A great scholar of ancient languages might have written nearly a treatise upon the blunders which the poor Ainah contrived to make, both in grammar and euphony, in the first two lines of that celebrated song. For instance, the first word, Melaiah, she turned most unaccountably into Melakkah.

Realmah shuddered, and could not avoid uttering a low sound of intense disapproval. The sensitive Ainah turned and saw the shrug of the shoulders and the look of disgust upon her lover's countenance. She hastily approached him, rested her head upon his breast, and exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, “I am so ignorant, I shock you. How can you love me?”

In that moment a change came over Realmah, and he saw certain things in a light which he had never seen them before. In book-life men retire into their chambers to reflect deeply, and to resolve upon a different course of thought or action; but in real life these changes are often absolutely sudden, and occur at the most unexpected times and places. And so it was now. Realmah saw at a glance how pedantic and how cruel it was of him to love the Ainah less, and to be disgusted with her, because he, who had been brought up with the learned and the noble, knew how to pronounce words rightly which the poor fisher-girl knew not. And with the tenderest words he reassured her, telling her what a fool a man was if he looked to the expression and not to the thought; and he laughingly told her that she might even call “louvara” “luffee,” alluding to one of her worst blunders, if she liked, and he would love her just the same. After a moment or two they walked on together in the same order, and in a few minutes the

Ainah commenced another song—one of the songs of her own tribe, which was in their humble language, and the burden of which was—

"For my love he loves many,
Though I love but one."

Being a common song, and the words consisting chiefly of monosyllables, she thought it would not vex his delicate sense of language.

And here we may notice what a good girl the Ainah was. Many women, under similar circumstances, would have been angry; some would have been depressed; and others would have been sullen; but her obedient and docile thought was only how she should show Realmah that she was not vexed, and that she could trust him when he told her that he would love her sweet words, however incorrectly they might be expressed.

They were now in sight of the great river Ramassa; indeed, they were not more than three hundred yards distant from it. They had emerged from the dense wood, but there were still great trees between them and the river. They walked on in this way for about a hundred yards. Realmah had joined in the burden of the Ainah's song; but a nice discriminator of musical sounds might have discerned that some strange and sudden emotion had come over him while he was joining in the burden of that song.

In truth, he had seen a face from behind one of the trees, and in a moment had conjectured what had been the plan of the Phelatahs in pursuit, and that they had sent on a party to intercept him at this river.

He revolved his chances of escape, and decided upon his course of action. Suddenly stepping up to the Ainah, he playfully said, "Shall we see, Lufra, who will be first at the river's edge?" and, with a strange inconsistency with his words, he seized her hand and rushed with her down to the river's edge. In a minute or two shouts were heard; the scout who had seen Realmah had warned his fellows, five or six of whom had emerged from the wood in

pursuit of Realmah and the Ainah, and were overtaking them rapidly. The fugitives, however, gained the river; Realmah dashed in, dragging her after him. She clung to him in a way that embarrassed him most dangerously. Quick as thought he gave her a violent blow, which made her relinquish her hold, and indeed rendered her senseless, and then he commenced swimming, dragging her after him.

Before the Phelatahs were on the bank, availing himself of the current, and swimming rapidly, Realmah was at a considerable distance from the shore; but not at such a distance, however, that the javelins of the Phelatahs were without effect. One of these pierced the arm of the senseless Ainah, while another struck the shoulder of Realmah, and remained in it. His courage, however, did not fail him; and, though in great pain, he succeeded in reaching the opposite shore, dragging the Ainah with him, where he threw himself on the ground quite exhausted, the Ainah being still insensible. Happily they were now beyond the reach of the enemy's missiles. The Phelatahs dared not follow; and after a short interval the Ainah recovered her senses.

Realmah felt ashamed at the blow which he had given her, though he knew it had afforded the only chance for her safety; and, lover-like, tenderly apologised to her for his great cruelty. This readiness in a crisis of danger to take the necessary step, however painful, was eminently characteristic of Realmah, who had in him the nature of a great commander: swift to appreciate, and ready to act upon, the dictates of dire necessity. The Ainah playfully said that the danger now was not his being too cruel, but too kind.

The fugitives having bound up each other's wounds, pursued their way northwards. In a few hours they met with a party of labourers from Abibah, and in their company gained safely their native town.

Great was the joy in Abibah when the return of Realmah was made known through the town. Talora appeared

more beautiful than ever; and the Varnah forgot, for the first day, to scold those persons who came to congratulate, but had the audacity to enter her apartments without having first carefully wiped their sandals.

Nobody cared to inquire much into what the Ainah had done to aid in Realmah's escape; and he himself did not dwell upon that part of the proceedings lest it should lead persons to notice and examine more closely the tender relations which now subsisted between them. But the love that there was in his heart for her partook of the largeness of his nature, and was, from that moment, deep, intense, and enduring.

Conversation is certainly a very capricious thing. I did expect that after this reading we should have had a most interesting conversation. My master and I had taken great pains with those chapters of "Realmah." I do sometimes think that Mr. Milverton must, in some previous state of existence, have lived in one of these lake cities, as whatever explanation I ask for upon any point, he always gives me at once; and I took great care in these chapters not to allow him to go on narrating without I thoroughly understood every point of the narrative. In short, I was very proud of our work; and that is the truth.

After the reading there was some praise in general terms: "it was very interesting," "a new phase of life was opened," "it was an excellent choice of subject," &c. &c.; but that was not what I wanted. I did think we should have some good discussion.

Sir John Ellesmere is, no doubt, a very distinguished man; very amusing, agreeable, and even lovable; but he is sometimes very trying, too. It is one thing to read about a man, and another to live with him. It was all his fault that this conversation went off so badly. The only thing that he could find to talk about, and that he discoursed about at great length, was the three cranes which Realmah saw from his prison window, and the proverb of the Sheviri

about cranes (I wish we had never put in that passage). He made out that it was an insult to fishermen, and dilated at large upon the especial merits and virtues of anglers. It was true they looked a great deal down into the waters, but it was not merely to catch fish, but to see the reflection of the heavens. They had written better books than any other men; and then somehow he fell foul of authors, and publishers, and literary puffing, which I did not think very good taste, seeing there were two or three authors present. And, altogether, I was very much disappointed in the conversation.

Mr. Milverton saw I was vexed, and said to me as he went away, "I see, Alick, you are quite annoyed at their not discussing our story. But, my dear boy, you must take it as a compliment. They do not see much to find fault with, and praise is always a dull thing. People seldom spend much time in praising. When a man looks back upon his mis-spent hours, he will not find that he has to reproach himself for many of them having been spent in commendation."

I do not think he was quite pleased. As for me, I could not help thinking of a passage in Pepys' Diary which I had lately been reading out to Mr. Milverton. I do not recollect the exact words, but they were something like these—Pepys had been going up the river in a barge, attending upon King Charles the Second and his brother the Duke of York. Pepys is delighted at being in such good company; nevertheless, in his honest way, he says: "But, Lord! what poor stuff it was that they did talk—as poor as ever I heard; though, Heaven bless them, they are two princes of a noble nature, and of excellent discernment."

I remember that when I read out that passage, Sir John remarked that he was sure that Charles and James were making fun of Pepys (to speak vulgarly, chaffing him), and that he did not understand it; but I believe that they were talking downright nonsense, just such "poor stuff" as Sir John himself and the other clever men were talking to-day.

It is impossible to continue to be angry with Sir John Ellesmere: he is such a kind-hearted man. An hour or two after our last meeting I observed Sir John, Mr. Milverton, and Mr. Mauleverer walking in the garden, and in earnest conversation. I longed to join them, but did not like to do so, fearing that I might be intrusive. Sir John, seeing me in the distance, and guessing, I have no doubt, what I felt, called to me.

Ellesmere. Come here, Sandy, and be flat-ironed—I mean morally and metaphysically. Mr. Mauleverer is telling a story which is to show convincingly that all young men are nincompoops; all middle-aged men mere beasts of burden; and all old men fools.

Mauleverer—some nine miles out of town. I always came up to town with him, in the four-horse omnibus. It was before the days of many railways. He was a stout, comely, serious-looking man, who invariably wore gold-rimmed spectacles, to which he paid great attention, often polishing the glasses with a bit of leather, and looking through them at the sky.

"Good morning, sir!" I said to him, after he had settled himself in the omnibus, "I think I had the pleasure of seeing you at the play last night. And those two pretty little girls are your daughters, I suppose? How they did enjoy it!"

"Yes, sir, they did, the dears! I am afraid, though, they disturbed some of our neighbours by their merry laughing."

"How inimitable Keeley was," I said, "after he had got hold of the talisman! What fun it was when he wished for all his little brothers and sisters; and they came pouring in through the walls in their night-gowns, and throwing their little arms about him; and then when he said, 'Oh, how I wish they were gone!'"

"I could not help thinking, though, all the time, what each of us then present would wish for, if we had such a talisman, that would only grant us one of our wishes. Now, I wonder, sir, what you would wish for?" It was rather an impertinent question on my part, for I only knew the man as an omnibus acquaintance. I did not even know his name.

"I have not the slightest objection to telling you, sir," he said. "May one wish for anything for one's children? because, of course——" "No," I said, "it must be a purely personal wish."

"My wish, then, sir, would decidedly be that my spectacle-glasses should always be clear. You have not come to spectacles, sir. You have no idea of the trouble of keeping the glasses clear. If it is frosty, a mist comes upon them; if it is too hot, a mist comes upon them; if you only wink your eyelids, the glasses suddenly seem to become dim. Spectacles are the greatest blessing, and the greatest plague, of one's life. Yes: that is what my wish would be."

"Rather different, I suspect, from what it was when you were younger, sir?"

"Yes, sir, my wish then was to be an Arab sheik, galloping about Arabia Petraea on an Arab steed, with a lance in my hand. I had always a mania for the East; but it has gone off considerably since I have married, and lived at Upper Tooting."

"By the way, have you looked, sir, at the debate of last night? I agree with the *Times*—not that I always do agree with the *Times*, sir—that both the Ministry and the Opposition played their respective games very badly."

Ellesmere. Now Mauleverer tells us this anecdote with his usual spirit of malice against the human race. He means, no doubt, to show how we come down, in the course of years, from grand ideas to small and household ones—from Arab sheikdom to an anxious care for the clearness of our spectacles.

I read the anecdote quite differently. I say that the man's ideas had expanded. You see he took an interest in politics. He declared (I don't believe him) that he did not swear by his *Times*. He delighted in taking his little daughters to the play. He had the good sense to prefer Upper Tooting to Arabia Petraea. In order to maintain his clearness of vision in these matters, he naturally wished to have his spectacle-glasses clear. This anecdote seems to me to put human nature and human life in a very favourable point of view.

Milverton. You have not heard my story, Ellesmere, which I told Mauleverer before you joined us.

I was with an eminent man of letters the other day, and he received a proof-sheet. "Here is this beast of a thing," he said; "full of printer's errors, I have no doubt!"

"Oh, dear, dear, how well I remember my first proof-sheet, which I received when I was quite a youth. It was a divine moment! I had written something which somebody was foolish enough to think worth printing, and I was expecting the first proof-sheet."

"My good father, as I had just gained a prize at college, had given me a horse a few

days before; and, to employ the slowly-moving hours of expectation, I had taken a fierce ride, resolving not to return until after the time when the post came in, and when the proof-sheet *must* have arrived.

"The benevolent printers (how I blessed them for it!) had not disappointed me; and there was the delightful packet on the table when I did return. What a beautiful invention printing seemed to me! How my poor thoughts seemed to gain in force and clearness, when they were clothed in this charming dress? I should be sorry to say how many times I read over that proof-sheet, each time admiring it more. And yet there was a feeling of humility mixed with my exaltation. Were my thoughts really worthy to be put in this fine garb? I said to-myself. But this did not damp my joy much. Worthy or not, there they were in print, and would be in a book, with covers to it.

"And now, when I have one of those things," he said, pointing to the rather dirty proof-sheet, "I have neither a sense of exaltation nor of humility, but there is simply before me a bit of disagreeable work to be carefully done."

Ellesmere. I see nothing in all this. You men of fine sentiments are always duped by your sentimentality. The man has now an assured reputation, which is a permanent source of pleasure to him. Of course, the novelty of proof-sheets has gone off; and, moreover, he knows by this time that he cannot do so much by criticism and correction as he thought he could when he was younger. Would he be younger? ask him that. That is the question.

Mauleverer. No: he would not, because he has found out what a miserable thing life is.

Ellesmere. Come and find out your nursery-tea: a great and wise institution this, of nursery-tea! Do I not see Mrs. Milverton at the window, making imperious gestures to us, signifying that the tea is growing cold? When shall I ever make these men wise men?—more like myself, and more willing to take life comfortably, instead of interchanging their respective drearinesses, and making melancholy out of anecdotes which are really pleasant and encouraging. Come along!

To be continued.

MILTON'S POLITICAL OPINIONS.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

SUCH times as the Commonwealth, and such political writers as Milton, are separated from us by a gulf. They do not immediately concern the England of the present. Politicians have little occasion to study them; they are seldom referred to in the House of Commons. Political precedents taken from the reign of Charles I. are not now held to be applicable; the opinions of the writers of the time are not now authoritative. It is understood that we stand upon a basis which was laid later, that a radically different conception of the state and of government separates us from the politics of that age. Through this very fact, therefore, that age becomes more interesting than it was for the historical student. Now that it is dead, it becomes ready for the dissecting knife. Because it no longer excites our passions, or appeals to our party prejudices, because in fact our sympathies have cooled towards it, for that very reason it appeals to our reason more strongly, and excites a keener philosophical curiosity.

This is the feeling which pervades all the recent literature of this subject, beginning with Carlyle's "Cromwell." That book may be regarded as the transfiguration or apotheosis of the whole subject. It was the removal of it from the warm but cloudy atmosphere of party passions and quarrels into a cold but clear sky of philosophical inquiry. Not that the writer himself can be called cold or impartially philosophical; far from it. But with respect to the old party divisions he is impartial. To the old Cavalier and Roundhead, Tory and Whig controversy which resounds like an interminable parliamentary debate, through previous histories ending with Macaulay, he is absolutely indifferent.

He is obliged to translate it into quite a new dialect before he can attach any meaning to it. And if he import new party feelings almost equally vehement into the subject, yet these do not so readily infect the reader as his coldness to the old. His hero-worship, his thorough-going idolatry of Cromwell, is taken up only by a reader here or there; but almost all his readers feel that he has lifted Cromwell out of the region of political controversy, and has taken the first step towards a philosophical estimate of him by doing so.

The view which the present generation takes of Cromwell himself is no longer a party view. He now takes his rank among the great men of history. His figure stands in the Pantheon beside William the Liberator of Holland and Gustavus Adolphus, in the corner where the heroes of Protestantism are placed together. We lift our hats to him; for his deeds, we neither blame them altogether nor praise them altogether; but alike, in praising and blaming, we totally disregard the old Royalist invectives. But it seems to me that Cromwell is still the only man of the period who has fairly emerged from the mist of advocacy and abuse. He has taken his permanent place in the national imagination; but his contemporaries, it seems to me, have not yet done so. We do not yet quite know what to make of them; when we hear the names of Pym, Hampden, Falkland, Marten, Sidney, and others, we feel a vague sentiment of respect and pride. We feel that they were a powerful generation of men, that they combated in a great cause with an elevation of earnestness and an exaltation of valour that makes the civil wars almost a heroic age in our history. But our conceptions

of them are indistinct and doubtful, our judgment about them, in a manner, suspended.

One among them, intellectually the most accomplished of all, has escaped from the destiny of the others. On the ruin of his party and his political hopes, Milton betook himself to literature, and there, in spite of all the prejudices of the ruling party, conquered for himself an illustrious place; and, before the last sovereign of the House of Stuart died, was as eminent in the world of books as Cromwell had been in the political world, and made English genius to be respected in Europe almost as much as Cromwell had made English arms. About Milton's poetry there is, on the whole, but one voice. But when from his poetry we turn to the man himself, and his opinions and political career, we experience a change of feeling. We cannot help admiring. A powerful man, we say; a towering spirit. The family-likeness is visible. He has the large manner of Hampden and Sydney. But are there not great drawbacks? He defended regicide, he was a determined republican, he had dangerous opinions about Church government, about religion, about marriage. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that he was one of the most eloquent assertors of the responsibility of rulers, one of the earliest and strongest assertors of the freedom of the press. These have been the conflicting reflections which have blurred Milton's memory, and left his countrymen divided about him, as they long were about Cromwell, between admiration and disapprobation. But about him, too, we may, I think, now feel that it begins to be possible to form a more definite opinion. His dangerous opinions do not endanger us. If we are ever converted to them it will not be by *his* arguments, but by reasonings more adapted to the present age. Political philosophy has entered upon quite a new stage since his time, and adopted new methods. He is not now referred to as an authority by any school, either in politics or religion. There is no reason why our impartiality

should now be disturbed in reading him; no bias need now prevent us from estimating him calmly. And because he is removed from us by such a distance, and his direct influence has ceased, our curiosity to understand his views and enter into them may well increase. He is not only the pride of our poetry, but one of the most powerful and independent characters that our nation has produced. A man who travelled so far out of the common and traditional line of thought must be worth contemplating, and his opinions worth appreciating, even in an age occupied with other problems, and following other guides.

I seldom find myself quite agreeing with the views of Milton as a politician given by his biographers and critics. They are commonly perverted in two ways. First, by the influence of which I have spoken, party-spirit. Neither the studied attack upon him which is called Johnson's Life, nor the rhetorical panegyric of Macaulay, which he himself afterwards confessed to be overdone, can satisfy anyone who does not consider the subject from the party point of view. But, in order to arrive at a true view, it is not enough to put aside party-spirit and to be impartial. It is also important to understand distinctly to what class of political writers Milton belongs. For there are more ways than one of treating political subjects, and this fact his biographers overlook.

"He was an impracticable dreamer," says one; "his politics were the mere imaginations of a poet, which statesmen treated with contempt; it is a pity that he did not stick to his trade." Another is more indulgent, and thinks that Milton did quite right to interest himself in politics; not that his political speculations are of any value, but that his mind was braced by them, and so his poetry improved. It is significantly noted that he himself said that he was conscious of having only the use of his left hand when he wrote prose, and it is forgotten that the left hand of such a man might be as good as the right hand of another, that his prose might be less good than his poetry, and yet be exceedingly good.

Even the most thorough-going of his admirers, Macaulay, seems to me to render his fame a doubtful service when he expresses his wonder that Milton's prose writings should be so little read, seeing that they abound in passages beside which the finest declamations in Burke sink into insignificance. This is well-meant, but Burke himself is generally considered somewhat too declamatory, too easily carried away by his imagination. Burke's contemporaries used to complain that he imported poetry into politics; still, no one doubts his great practical knowledge of the subjects he discusses. It is not his occasional outbursts of rhetoric which give value to his works; we can admire these in their degree; but he is remembered as a great political philosopher. Now, when those who doubt the value of Milton's political writings are told that they surpass Burke's in declamation, their doubts can only be confirmed. The besetting sin of an amateur literary politician is declamation. The author of "*Paradise Lost*" was not likely to be surpassed by any one in eloquence; that we scarcely required to be told: the question is of his competence to treat political subjects, of the soundness of his judgment; and, on this head, we should feel, perhaps, more satisfaction if we learned that he carefully abstained from rhetoric, than when we learn that he outshines the most florid of orators.

By using language like this, the critics leave on our minds the impression, that, with the exception of a brilliant period here and there, Milton's political writings are failures, and that it is only out of respect for a great poet that they are honoured with remembrance or criticism. Now this is certainly unjust, and it arises from not noting carefully to what class of political writers he belongs. We should do him some injustice if we compared him with Burke or Macaulay, on the one hand, or with such writers as Hobbes or Locke on the other. He was neither a politician by profession, familiar with all the details of government through perpetual practice, nor was he a philosopher by

profession, who had worked out a systematic theory of politics. It is because he falls under neither of these heads, but belongs to another class of political writers, which in his own time was hardly recognised, and is not altogether recognised now, that he neither gained then, nor gains now, his proper rank. In his own time Harrington sneered at him for always confining himself to generalities, or, as they were then called, universals; and this was not untrue. Hobbes is said to have pronounced on his "*Defensio Populi*" and Salmasius' "*Defensio Regis*" the sentence, "Both are very good Latin, so that I know not which is best, and both are very bad reasoning, so that I know not which is worst," which is also a tenable proposition. And this middle character of these books, the fact that they neither express the popular opinion nor yet the purely philosophical opinion, has caused them to be somewhat disregarded, both in their author's own age and since. They had too much thought and depth for the purposes of party-conflict; they have too little method for the purposes of political philosophy to most students now. But because he cannot be referred to either of these classes of political writers, does it follow that he was not a practical politician at all? Granted that as a politician he was neglected by his own age, and has only partially been remembered by posterity. But was this owing to deficiencies of his own? or to other circumstances? Is there anything requiring indulgence or excuse, as many of his critics hint, in these prose writings of his? If so, it is important, because it will degrade him altogether into a lower class of men. If his political efforts are in the main a series of failures, if they show an inability to grasp the affairs of practical life, an unbridled imagination recklessly tampering with what is most sacred and fundamental in the constitution of society,—if, in short, they require indulgence and allowance, then it will be necessary to place him in a much lower rank than we

might otherwise think his due. It is the crowning merit of a great poet to be a sensible man. Shakespeare was a sensible man. Are we to deny this praise to Milton? Are we to class him with those crazy geniuses, those inspired idiots, that have been so common in the literary world? If so, our estimate even of his poetry will be lowered. For his poetry certainly aims at gravity and solidity; his taste in his later years became austere, his style simple and unadorned: if we disbelieve in the soundness of his judgment, if we degrade him from the rank of wise and profound poets, we shall find, except in the poems of his youth, little of that exquisite wildness and lawless profusion of fancy which the world falls in love with, even when it neither respects nor approves. And our estimate of his moral character will also inevitably suffer. For there runs through his works a certain assumption of authority, a grave self-approval and self-confidence, which, if it be not justified by the real weight of his understanding, and the real value of the sentiments he expresses, can be attributed to nothing but egotism. The splendour of his style, which is most impressive if we consider it as the appropriate dress of rare and precious thoughts, would become on the other hand histrionic and contemptible if it clothed idle hallucinations. He aims so high, and claims so much, that if we cannot consider him as in some sense or other a great political writer, we must pronounce him a very hollow and shallow rhetorician.

The true view, I think, may be thus expressed,—Milton was a pamphleteer, only a pamphleteer of original genius. Had he had less originality, with the same power of language, he would probably have figured more in the history of the time, because he would have become more distinctly the mouthpiece of a party. But because the weight of his mind always carries him below the surface of the subject, because in these pamphlets he appeals constantly to first principles, opens the largest questions,

propounds the most general maxims, we are not therefore unfairly to compare them with complete treatises on politics, or to forget that they are essentially pamphlets still. We have in our own day a multitude of political writers who are neither experienced politicians nor political philosophers, yet who continually publish their opinions in reviews, magazine articles, leaders, pamphlets. Now we shall have a parallel to Milton's political character if among these various kinds of journalists there has appeared anywhere a man unable to merge himself in his party, having a strong personality, and doctrines in which at first nobody agrees with him, yet never quite rising into a systematic political philosopher, and leaving works which are impressive, but only sometimes convincing, and more suggestive than satisfactory. Such a man we have among us now in Mr. Carlyle, a writer in many respects as different as possible from Milton: a humorist, whereas Milton is habitually grave; a cynic, whereas few people have had a more generous belief in human nature than Milton; a hero-worshipper, which Milton never was, though he tolerated, as a temporary necessity, the dictatorship of Cromwell; but a writer closely resembling Milton in the position and point of view from which he regards politics. Another name of the present century may be quoted as a parallel. Coleridge, in his political essays, is exceedingly like Milton, partly, no doubt, because he imitates him. He is not, however, at bottom so close a parallel as Carlyle, because, being superior both to Carlyle and Milton in philosophic depth, he approaches more nearly to the class of systematic political thinkers. Mr. Ruskin in his recent writings affords another parallel.

The characteristic of this whole class of writers is that they apply to politics one or two intense convictions. As men of genius, some particular class of truths is exceptionally clear to them. At some point or other their nature and their sensibilities are keener than other men's. And so, without feeling

it necessary to work out a complete theory of society, and without waiting to become familiar with political details, they take courage to announce their convictions with an emphasis corresponding to the firmness with which they hold them, and to apply them to any political case which may arise. It generally happens that these convictions, we may call them ideas, are few in number; a single mind may hold a vast variety of images, but not many ideas. Accordingly, though such men may write a great deal, as Mr. Carlyle has done, yet in reality they say little. It is one air with infinite variations, one principle with a multitude of applications. And the principle is not generally hard to find, for the writer's sole object is to make it as vividly clear to others as it is to himself, and this is the express purpose of the endless variety of forms in which he presents it. Hasty readers make it a reproach against such authors that they always say in reality the same thing, though they use different words, as though they were indigent people contriving to make a great show of their small property. This very monotony is in fact their glory; they perpetually reiterate the same thing, because they feel it so deeply, and are anxious that others should feel it also, and if they present it constantly in new forms they do so not to conceal it but to make it plainer, as a teacher makes his pupil understand a principle thoroughly by putting before him the greatest possible number of examples.

Thus the one conviction which runs through Coleridge's political writings is the hollowness of all hand-to-mouth statesmanship, and the necessity of grounding politics upon universal principles of philosophy and religion. Mr. Ruskin has been led into politics from art. Deeply feeling that the happiness of man is to take delight in nature, and that this delight exhibits itself in simple, genuine, faithful, artistic imitation of nature, he is led to see that particular social conditions are indispensable to such a happy state of mind.

No. 100.—VOL. XVII.

He takes art as the index of national well-being, and denounces all institutions and usages which interfere with that condition of the mind and feelings out of which art in natures artistically gifted flows unadulterated and genuine. Mr. Carlyle is penetrated with two thoughts: first, that national well-being depends, not upon laws or institutions, or machinery of any kind, but upon an elemental human energy, of which institutions are but the manifestations, that this human energy dwells in individuals, and is virtue or wisdom or power, and in the ripest developments is all three, but is in all cases first and essentially a force. Secondly, he is penetrated with the extreme rarity of this elemental energy, the extreme difficulty of procuring enough of it for the purposes of society, and consequently the urgent importance of making the most of the amount of it which can be procured.

Now, as I have classed Milton along with these writers, whom we might call "genius politicians," let me try to draw out in like manner from Milton's works the ideas which principally animated him. Let me try to sum up his political creed. Times have changed in England since he wrote. But if the substance of that old controversy can never become obsolete, it is, as I have said, an advantage that the circumstances of it, and the actors in it, are removed to a certain distance. And assuredly the controversy of Milton's time is not yet obsolete in substance. Theories of a divine right and of an original compact may pass away, but the problem how to introduce new forces into society when the old ones are wearing out remains where it was. Presbyterian and Episcopalian controversies may now have little interest, but in our sense of the importance of spiritual enlightenment and guidance, we are even nearer to the seventeenth century than to the eighteenth. I care indeed very little to weigh Milton's arguments against those of Hall or Salmasius. But it is instructive to compare his general views with those of Burke, or Carlyle, or Mill. It is

interesting to compare his strong imaginations of what England ought to be, and his anticipations of what it would be, with its actual condition and with the ideals of its present thinkers. He was a man of genius, and if his genius produced its masterpieces in other departments, it was not working altogether against the grain when it treated politics. It seeks by a kind of instinct what is substantial and fundamental in the questions it handles.

The only treatise of Milton's which can be said to live in English literature is his "Apology for the Freedom of the Press." The service he did to liberty by this is generally acknowledged; nor are his arguments at all obsolete. His tract on education may also still be read with interest. His other works, which are all more or less neglected, fall into two classes—those attacking the government of the Stuarts, and vindicating the Rebellion against them; and those which attack what he calls Prelaty, and urge reformation in the Church.

On all these questions, the interests of literature, education, civil reformation, ecclesiastical reformation, we find him equally interested and earnest. Now this is the first peculiarity I note in him—the comprehensive view he takes of national well-being. Of the revolution in which he took part, he was one of the few who understood the full scope. To most men of the time, and, indeed, to most historians since, it has seemed a complex movement, not a single change, but an accidental combination of two changes. We see that on the one hand it was a rebellion against arbitrary government, a violent reaction against the king-worship of the sixteenth century; and that with this was conjoined a rebellion against that Anglican Papacy, as I may call it, which had been set up in the Church when we broke with Rome without giving up at the same time the notion of an absolute authority in spiritual matters. For mutual help the arbitrary king had coalesced with the arbitrary bishop, and when the rebellion began, political reformers coalesced in the same way with

ecclesiastical reformers. But few men at the time cared for more than one-half of the movement. Some were eager for the destruction of prerogative, but cared little for Church reform—they were rebels without being Puritans; others were bitter against Prelaty, but lukewarm in their opposition to arbitrary power. Pym was not, in the proper sense, a Puritan, still less was Marten; on the other hand we know how ready the Presbyterian party showed themselves to make up their quarrel with the Crown. We find the same one-sided view in the historians of the movement. Macaulay is about as little of a Puritan as Marten was; no Cavalier could betray a much greater contempt than he shows for their religious peculiarities. In his eyes, the movement is almost entirely a political reform, which by great good luck was helped by an outbreak of religious fanaticism. On the other hand, Carlyle declares, with his usual emphasis, that it was not for questions of ship-money, or liberty of the people to tax themselves, that war was waged, but for fear of Popery. And a similar view is presented by the whole series of our ecclesiastical historians on both sides.

Milton is one of the few who were equally interested in both movements. He was a politician, but he had also a religion and a faith; he was a religious man, but his religion did not make him a political quietist. Nor was he only these two things, a politician and a religious man; he was besides a man of high cultivation and a man of genius. Therefore not only did he sympathize at the same time with both the political and religious impulse which stirred his age, but he discerned in the revolution other tendencies which neither politicians nor religionists discerned. To him literature was an interest, as well as the State and the Church; he anticipated from the revolution a great development of genius, and further still than this, he did not forget education, and frequently urged the national and fundamental importance of the question.

And because he took so comprehensive a view of national well-being, to him the

revolution seemed a single movement, not the combination of two movements. The impatience of political tyranny seemed essentially connected with impatience of ecclesiastical tyranny. He felt the unity of national life. He saw in the nation a strong man shaking himself from sleep, and it seemed to him natural that an awakening of the mind should go along with the awakening of the body. It was a throwing off of tutelage, an assuming of the rights of manhood upon the part of the nation, and it seemed to him natural that this should involve a repudiation of authoritative teaching, as well as a resistance to material and civil restraints. The Church and the State to him appeared related as mind and body, constituting together one nation, suffering together, and needing to be healed together. The same comprehensive view led him to recognise those other interests—unorganized as yet, and almost unnamed—of literature and education, as equally essential to the national life, and as equally concerned in a revolution which threw that national life into new forms.

This comprehensiveness is a very rare quality among our political writers. It is a merit in Milton which particularly deserves to be recognised now, for it is only now that our political notions begin to be comprehensive, and to take in all the conditions of national well-being. The political writers of the eighteenth century limit their views very much to material happiness, to the preservation of life and property, and the encouragement of trade. Many of them, indeed, expressly maintain that the proper province of government is limited to this; but, even if it be so, national well-being is certainly not so limited, and neither therefore should the thoughts and studies be, of those who interest themselves in the national well-being. On the Continent, at the present day, we may find examples of an opposite narrowness. We find the Papal States, where the main object of government is the spiritual welfare of the people, where, in M. About's words, "faith, hope, and charity are cultivated,

but agriculture and commerce are neglected." We find, also, the *Culturstaat* of the Germans, where the cultivation and intellectual improvement of the people is made the principal object, and where the State tends to merge itself in a University, as at Rome it merges itself in a Church.

We are beginning in England to see the necessity of widening our contracted view of politics. Politics have been long enough among us the mere tool of wealth and trade. Macaulay's method of estimating well-being by the growth of population, and the number of new streets built in great towns, begins to seem insufficient. Even personal liberty and free speech begin to seem, not indeed less valuable, but less all-sufficient, results; than they seemed to the eighteenth century. When a man has been made as free as possible to do what he pleases, it is important also, we begin to think, that he should know what it is best to do. We begin to hanker after the *Culturstaat*.

Now, however much may be obsolete in the politics of Milton, this at least deserves appreciation at the present day,—that, through out his works, he contemplates the State in this larger sense. It is never with him a mere market or trade-union. He did not so much by a prophetic spirit anticipate the larger views of the nineteenth century, as recur to the ideals of the ancient world, to which the tendency of modern thought seems also to be leading us. With him a State is a community living together in the practice of virtue, in the worship of God, in the pursuit of truth. Material happiness, prosperity, riches, and warlike glory appear to him something, but he requires also good things for the higher part of men; true religious and moral teaching appear to him much, but even this does not satisfy him, he requires also cultivation for the mind,—arts, sciences, literature. He has adopted without reserve the maxim of Aristotle *τῶν καλῶν πράξεων χάριν θεῖον εἶναι τὴν πολιτικὴν κοινωνίαν ἀλλ' οὐ τοῖς σὺν*—we must hold political society to exist for the sake of honourable deeds, not for the sake of joint livelihood.

Let us now approach nearer, and ask ourselves what principles, what measures Milton held to conduce most to this comprehensive well-being at which he aimed. It lies on the surface of his works, that he was a believer in liberty. Here, again, classical ideals influenced him. He turned his back upon the mediæval world, with its ruthless despotic drill, recurred to Greece and Rome, and became the apostle of a political Renaissance. So far he resembles the eighteenth century school. But as he takes a larger view of the State than they, so he takes a larger view of liberty. As he aims at much more than material happiness, so he resists other kinds of tyranny beside that of mere arbitrary force. The liberty which he preaches is a thing as much more developed than the classical liberty, as modern civilization is more complex than ancient. It was in comparison but a rudimentary liberty of which the favourite examples of ancient patriotism—a Harmodius, a Brutus, a William Tell—were the champions. It is the mere freedom of the body from arbitrary injury, the freedom of the domestic hearth from arbitrary insult. It is the freedom which an infant State desires, and which is idolized now by those only who confine their views to the material happiness of a people, like the eighteenth century politicians. The goddess Milton worships is to this ideal as Minerva to a wood-nymph. It is not the liberty of shepherds, or small farmers, but the liberty of scholars, thinkers, and cultivated men. It is not merely the right to be tried by jury, or to tax oneself. It comprehends beside certain rights of the mind and of the conscience, franchises of the study, of the library, and of the pulpit. It is security, not only for person and purse, but for thought and imagination and belief, for literature, education, and the Church.

Milton tells us that he had been intended by his parents for holy orders, but that he had given up the prospect on finding that he must subscribe slave! Apparently, then, he would have the teachers of the nation left free to teach

whatever their understandings, after sufficient study, may tell them to be true. He tells us that he attacked episcopacy because he saw that, under the obscure yoke of Prelaty, no free and splendid wit could flourish. And when he saw that, under the government of the Long Parliament, licensors were still appointed to control the publication of books, he addressed the Lords and Commons in that memorable discourse in which he maintains the right of error itself to be published and to have a fair fight with truth.

But what is it that Milton means by liberty, and what does he find so valuable in it? Men cry out sometimes for liberty because they are suffering intolerable oppression. What made the French break loose? Famine and misery in the lower classes, taxes falling heaviest on those who had least, wild stories about the Bastille and *lettres de cachet*. There was not much in England that corresponded to this; we hear nothing of any intolerable misery; neither the King nor the Archbishop, nor even the system they administered, were regarded as monstrously cruel. It is certainly no mere feeling of indignation at wrong that makes Milton an apostle of liberty. There is another aspect, in which liberty often charms men of genius, and sometimes through their influence captivates a whole people. Sometimes the yoke of law and authority, the fixed institutions of society, oppress ardent minds, and fatigue them with a sense of artificiality and superstitious pedantry. They long to be rid of the cumbrous shackles of political society, and to return to some simpler, more natural mode of life, in which, as they imagine, instinctive good feelings would take the place of law and the rude methods of compulsion altogether be abandoned. Was it this impatience of restraint that influenced Milton? Far from it. Or his party? Not in the least. Milton's party was a party of precisians. Their tendency was rather to strictness than to laxity, their excess was on the side of over-government. These advocates of liberty were the most strait-laced and severe of political par-

ties. The grievances that they allege are often curiously unlike the ordinary grievances of oppressed men, and certainly such as show no excessive impatience of law. Their principal complaint against the bishops is, that they encourage the people to sports on Sunday, and discourage preaching. What cruel taskmasters! And Milton himself, though not altogether a Puritan, has assuredly no impatience of the yoke of law; it is not dissolution and destruction that he has in view; if he sets his hand to destroy the massive Gothic structure that he found, it is in order that he may raise on its ruins another building in a purer style, but not less massive.

In fact, the free commonwealth of which he published a scheme on the eve of the Restoration was far from being very free in our sense of the word. It was a tolerably close aristocracy, not unlike that government by the senate which existed practically, though never legally, for many ages at Rome. Democracy, though he seems to favour it speculatively, he regards as dangerous until our corrupt and faulty education be mended.

It is not in fact against severity, but against inefficiency in government that Milton and his party revolt. What they want in liberty is evidently not liberty itself, not permission to do as they please. What they want is efficient government; teachers that will teach instead of shirking the work, that will govern instead of throwing the rein on the beast's neck. And here, as it seems to me, we come within sight of Milton's fundamental idea, which is not liberty for itself, but liberty as increasing vigour.

A free government is not only happier than a hereditary despotic government, but it has commonly much more vigour. A revolutionary despotic government such as that of Napoleon, or the despotism of a hereditary king who happens to be a great man, such as that of Frederick, may of course be more vigorous than liberty itself. But free government is on the average far more vigorous than hereditary despotism.

The reason of this evident. It lies in the *carrière ouverte aux talents*. In the despotism the disposal of everything falls to a man who is not likely to have great ability, since he is determined by the chance of primogeniture in a single family; who is likely to have been exceedingly ill-educated, because of his artificial elevation above his kind; and who is likely also to be exceedingly prejudiced, owing to his seclusion from ordinary life. On the other hand, where there is liberty, government falls into the hands of those who, in fair competition and before the eyes of the world, have surpassed their equals in some of the qualifications required in government. If liberty be imperfect, and extend only to a privileged class, it is still better than despotism, as the best man in a number of families is more likely to be a capable governor than the eldest-born of one. If liberty be complete, and the whole population may enter for the race, it is evident that, *ceteris paribus*, there is a chance of getting better governors still. Liberty, in fact, means, just so far as it is realized, the right man in the right place.

This is a common observation with the advocates of liberal institutions. But they commonly apply it to government only. Milton, as we have seen, habitually thinks of government as only one of many institutions on which national well-being depends. Extend then the notion of the vigour which a nation derives from liberty beyond the province of government, and apply it also to education, literature, moral and religious teaching,—apply it, in short, not only to the State, but also to that which I may call, in a large sense, the Church,—and you have, I believe, Milton's fundamental idea, and the key to all which is interesting in his prose works.

In Milton's time, not only was the government of the country enfeebled by the real and not merely nominal sovereignty of hereditary kings, but its intellectual life also was under tutelage. Literature was under the control of clerical licensers; education was mainly in clerical hands; and the pulpit had in that age all the influence which in

these days belongs to journalism. In other words, the whole culture of the nation was in the hands of the clergy. Now, who were the clergy? If they had been simply men specially prepared for the work, men certified to have gone through the studies likely to qualify them for the position of instructors and guides to the people, Milton would have found no fault with this state of things. He would probably have preferred it to the state of things at which we have actually arrived—the absolute liberty of all persons, whether wise or foolish, enlightened or ignorant, to teach any one who will listen to them. But the clergy were not merely this. They were men bound and pledged to a definite and very minute system of doctrine. By this restraint culture in England was fettered, just as civil liberty by the prerogative of the Stuarts. And against this restraint Milton protests, not so much for its severity as for its enfeebling effect.

To impose a dogmatic system upon the teaching class of a nation is inevitably to enfeeble the influence of culture upon that nation; and that equally whether the system imposed be absolutely true, absolutely false, or partly one and partly the other. It enfeebles precisely in the same way in which the hereditary principle enfeebles government. It closes the *carrière ouverte aux talents*. If the system imposed is at all minute, it must shut out from the teaching class a large number of the men who ought to be in it. There is one class which it must almost infallibly shut out, men of genius, for these will generally have something too peculiar and special in their thoughts to square with any dogmatic system, and, even if they have not, they will be offended, as Milton seems to have been, by the attempt to rob them of their intellectual liberty.

If it is bad when the government of a nation is enfeebled, it is a still greater calamity when its culture is emasculated. This is a slavery of the mind against which the patriots of antiquity were never called to contend, and it saps the national energy more fatally than the

most despotic Court. When the boy grows up amid teachers whose lessons have been prescribed to them by authority, and the youth studies in an intimidated and bribed University, and men can get no instruction except from preachers whose mouths have been bridled by subscriptions, or from books all the pith of which has been extracted by the licenser; when the awakening utterances of honest conviction and the inspiring music of genius are silenced; when decorum and demure conventionalism and sentimentalism are in the ascendant; when the best influence which is allowed to operate is a feminine, panic-stuck pietism, and the faint sweet odour of this is used to conceal the rottenness of corruption; when all the intellectual vigour of the country is driven to revolt; and, worse still, when all great interests are entrusted to narrow and common minds, and timid respectability is set to do the tasks of magnanimity;—this is enslaved culture, and this is the feebleness of it. In his strong perception of this, Milton is very like our own Carlyle, and I know no writer between the two who exhibits it. But there is this great difference between Milton and Carlyle, that Milton sees the possible good much more strongly, and Carlyle the actual evil. Carlyle, as we know, is a cynic, and despairs of the republic. He hardly believes that any better state of things will come, and therefore reserves all his vigour and humour for his delineations of the bad. But Milton is of a sanguine temperament. He has a trait in common with that Cromwell by whose side he will for ever stand in history, and of whom it was said, that hope shone like a fiery pillar in him when it had gone out in all others. His mind is firmly fixed upon the future; his face is radiant with the sunrise he intently watches. Therefore in his best works, in his "Areopagitica," his "Tract on Education," and parts of his "Reason of Church Government," you see the reverse of that picture which Carlyle presents to us. Carlyle has described to us an Age of Shams,—that is, the result of enslaved and enfeebled

culture. He shows how, when strong convictions and originality are discouraged, and timid mediocrity applauded and advanced, there begins a universal reign of insincerity; that men's language becomes official and conventional, their thoughts indistinct, their actions irresolute; that education loses itself in verbal prettiness, Universities languish in sloth and obscurantism, literature becomes affected or spasmodic, the Church loses sight of the facts of life, and quarrels about words. He explains how from this enfeeblement of institutions, from the short supply everywhere of genius and original energy, the whole surface of society becomes gradually obscured with a misty atmosphere of insincerity, superficiality, scepticism, cant, and how the whole fabric of the state, which stands upon convictions, grows more and more insecure as these languish or die, until at last nothing keeps it standing but inertia and the agonized solicitude of its rulers to shield it from any external impact. He has written in fact a most striking chapter of the pathology of states, and has described the course of an atrophy which sets in through an insufficient supply of the proper food of states,—human virtue and genius, and which ends in that which to states is death,—revolution. Now what Milton has done is the precise opposite. A man, in spite of his Puritanism, of a singularly happy temper, impatient of all saddening and depressing contemplations, with an imagination that might be called luxurious, only that it deals rather with images of action and movement than with images of pleasure, he turns away from the state of things around him, and taxes himself to picture what a state might become, to what a bloom of vigour and greatness it might arrive, through a comprehensive liberty both in government and culture. He is the prophet of national health, as Carlyle is the prophet of national decay.

Both believe national health to consist in the same thing,—in the promotion of virtue and genius to the highest posts, and the careful confinement of mediocrity to positions of secondary importance.

But Carlyle believes it unspeakably difficult, or only possible through some lucky accident, for a state to reach this healthy condition, because he believes virtue and genius to be exceedingly rare, and the recognition or appreciation of them to be rarer still. He comes, therefore, to hero-worship; which means that a state must always groan under the management of fools or knaves, except in the rare case where virtue appears in so transcendent an incarnation as to overpower all opposition. What has led him to form this low opinion of his kind, and how he has convinced himself that there are no means of raising the average of intelligence, so that we might count always upon a supply of competent heroes, it is impossible to discover; since it is not his custom to reason, or produce in form, the evidence which supports his conclusions. But one may conjecture that he has never comprehensively considered the question of cultivation. If virtue and genius are exceedingly rare, is it not also certain that vast quantities of both are lost through neglect? In the lower classes this neglect has been almost total. Whatever great capacities Nature has sown there, have been almost entirely lost to the world—left to themselves, and stifled under low cares and drudgery. In the higher classes there has been cultivation, but it is equally certain that great mistakes have been committed in the method of it,—that much of it has ended in perversion or stunting, rather than the improvement of the plant. All this Carlyle knows well. He has written forcibly on Education and the Church, and on the function of literature. But perhaps he has not seen how much depends upon culture, and what infinite hope lies in it. Perhaps we might say that culture is the larger half of politics. The first great speculator in politics, Plato, devised for himself an ideal state. And what is the result? As Rousseau says, Plato's Republic is a treatise on education.

Culture, like government, requires two things, liberty and organization,—liberty to ensure a supply of power, organization to bring the power to bear.

Carlyle is always complaining of the want of organization in our modern culture, of the anarchic isolation of literary men and journalists. In Milton's time organization was not wanting; as I have said, the whole machinery of culture was in the hands of the clergy. Perhaps it was this imposing system and unity of culture gathered up and embodied in the Church, that enabled Milton to see better than our later political writers how vast the results of culture might be if it could only add to its organization liberty. Milton has none of Carlyle's despair, none of his sense of the extreme rarity of virtue and genius. He believes that by the improvement of education it will be possible to obtain the necessary supply. And he hopes, by giving liberty to the Church and to literature, to subject the whole nation to such a perpetual stream of noble influence as may elevate its tone of feeling, and make it capable of vigorous self-government.

The scheme of education which Milton gives, labours, no doubt, under the defect of greatly over-rating the average power of boys. "Before this time, they may easily have learnt at any odd hour the Italian tongue!" The reader of it must also bear in mind that it belongs to a time when both modern literature and modern science were in their infancy. But when these deductions are made, it will be found to be distinctly in advance of our present system in several particulars. First it includes a systematic training for the body as well as the mind. Next, by laying stress upon music, it introduces, at least in a rudimentary form, the notion of æsthetic education. Next, though the authors prescribed are mainly Greek and Latin, as was at that time inevitable, the subject-matter of them is everywhere made prominent, and education in things is put by the side of education in words.

For the next great instrument of culture, literature, he saw that the one thing needed was liberty. In this he was before his age, but more than twenty years after his death the nation entered the path he had pointed out. Of

journalism, which is now perhaps the most powerful intellectual influence to which the nation is subjected, he saw only the germ. Evidently it could never have existed in any influential form without that liberty of the press of which Milton was amongst the very first advocates.

To the Church also he would give liberty,—such liberty as could be conceived in his age—and at the same time he would take from it all worldly authority. With the one hand he would increase its moral influence, by reinforcing it with all that ability and genius which was excluded from it by the system of tests, and with the other hand he would confine it to this moral influence. We have adopted his views in the latter particular, but only partially in the former. We have deprived the Church of its invidious secular authority, and many of its monopolies. We have deprived it of the power which it might derive from positive institution, but we are only beginning to give it in exchange the vigour that comes from liberty. Milton's Church seems to me the Church of the future—a muster of all the piety, genius, and ability of the country, relieved from all tests, save tests of character and competence, and set in charge of the religious and moral guidance of the nation.

Such, then, was Milton's political idea. Himself the most cultivated man of his time, perhaps we might say the most cultivated man that has ever lived in England, he viewed politics from a certain elevation above the standing-point of the ordinary politician. He viewed the questions of the day, not with the eyes of an English lawyer or churchman or citizen, but as a scholar, a traveller, and a thinker. He had his memory full of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Italian histories. He had lived in Florence, and observed Italian *litterati* chafing at the system of tutelage and paternal government which had been established in the city of Dante. Thus his conceptions of national well-being had been enlarged. Being at the same time the son of one who had suffered for his religious belief, he had inherited a

militant unbending character, and a capacity for self-sacrifice. The result was a rare union in his personal character of stern energy with fastidious refinement, and in his politics an equally striking combination of the desire for vitality with reverence for law. Once more when I think of him I am reminded of Carlyle. Elements which in Carlyle struggle were reconciled in him. How strangely in Carlyle do the two convictions battle with each other!—We must have liberty, else there can be no life; and we must have despotism, else there can be no organization. And so he has given us in his "Cromwell" and "French Revolution" two great historical dramas, both of which begin with the throwing-off of despotism in order to gain power, and end with the recurrence to despotism in order to gain organization. But Milton never ceased to believe that life and organization, liberty and order, could be reconciled; his faith does not seem to have been shaken even by the failure of the experiment in his own age. As I have said, this was owing not merely to a sanguine temperament. It was owing to a higher view of what can be done by culture. Milton held it possible to produce by training, in no short supply, the manhood and moderation which can do without heroes, because it is itself heroic. If Carlyle does not hold this possible, it is perhaps because culture itself has grown anarchic, and the perpetual warfare of sects and schools has fairly shaken the basis of virtue.

But there seems to me another reason why Milton is more sanguine than Carlyle. I have compared Milton to one watching the sunrise. It is equally true that the glow on Carlyle's face is that of sunset. In other words, Milton belongs to the beginning of an age, Carlyle to the end of an age. Carlyle's despair was produced in him by his failure to find in the society around him the forces necessary to supply the place of those that were dying. Everywhere he thought he saw institutions in decay, a languid society living upon conventionalisms, and, instead of convictions,

having only opinions, which they held because they had never heard the other side. Efforts there were at reformation, considerable improvements here and there, but not the mighty and universal impulse that he believed to be needed. He saw no proportion between the work to be done and the forces that were at hand to do it. But Milton lived in a golden age of hope and energy. There was throughout the nation a confidence of strength, a readiness for great and stirring deeds. Behind them lay two great ages, the age of Reformation and the Elizabethan age. Nearly a century of spiritual freedom, many years of glory and prosperity, and a newly-acquired treasure of literature, had enlarged their minds and filled them with confidence. They intended to add a third great age to the two great ages that had passed. They pressed on, as Milton says, to reform Reformation. And they succeeded, not indeed in all that they attempted, but in opening a new age. The reaction did not completely undo their work; the impulse they had given never died out completely. They let in a flood of new vigour, both into government and culture; they inaugurated a time of responsible government, free literature, religious toleration.

But in time these new forces too wore out, and this period in its turn drew to an end. Carlyle has all his life been watching its decay. It has not fallen to his lot to use the language of hope or exulting expectation. The gladness of Milton's style would not suit him. The difference is not so much in the men as in their position. The Evening Star and the Morning Star are one; they differ only in place. We address the one as—

"Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun,
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done."

But to Milton we say:—

"Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird;
Behind thee comes the greater light."

THE BARON'S STONE OF KILLOCHAN.

BY ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, ESQ. F.R.S. F.G.S. ETC. ETC.

ON a gentle green declivity that slopes down to the Water of Girvan, and within sight of the broad Firth of Clyde, which the Girvan enters only three miles down the valley, stands a large grey block of granite, known in the district as the Baron's Stone of Killochan. From this stone you look seaward; and, on a clear day, when a breeze from the north-west has freshened the Firth into deepest azure, you can see, far away beyond the bold headlands of Carrick, the long blue line of the hills of Antrim. And, if you go but a few yards up the hill, you may trace these faint promontories vanishing into the west, and then the long low hills of Cantyre bounding the western horizon, while, in the midst of the wide stretch of sea, Ailsa Craig lifts its scarred sides eleven hundred feet above the surf that beats about their base. The nearer landscape is formed by the valley of the Girvan, narrow and straight, with a ridge of green hills about a thousand feet high on the south side, a range of lower wooded eminences on the north, and the river winding in endless curves along the bottom. Looking up this valley, the eye wanders with delight over a mingled grouping of woodland and meadow, revealing here and there a reach of the blue stream and a strip of soft bright pasture. The woods climb up boldly along the hillsides, overshadowing every little dingle and water-course, and so sweeping onwards up the valley in every tint of green, and in every variety of mass and outline, until a bend of the hills closes in the view. Even as a piece of scenery, this vale of the Girvan, though less known than many others in the lowlands of Scotland, has a charm which these often want. There is one respect, at least, wherein it has a peculiar interest. I know of no

Scottish landscape so circumscribed in extent, yet into which are crowded so many human associations of bygone times. On the hill-tops that look down upon us are the mouldering ramparts of the earthen forts of the early races. From the lower grounds the plough and harrow have long effaced such antique memorials; but the traditions of the primitive people survive in the very names of the hamlets and meadows. From these names we learn of Culdee saints to whom shrines were erected all down the course of the Girvan. And we see how the natives were Celtic, speaking the same language that still survives in the Highlands, and displaying the same nice discrimination and poetic turn of thought in the choice of names for their rivers and crags and hills. The castles of feudal times have survived better in this district of Ayrshire than in most other parts of Scotland. There are the remains of at least a dozen of them in the lower sixteen miles of this Girvan valley. Most of these, indeed, are ruinous; but some still form part of more modern mansions, and at least one—the old house of Killochan—remains nearly as it was some three hundred years ago. Nor are these merely interesting from their antiquity. Each is linked more or less closely with the history of the district, and sometimes not of the district only but of the kingdom at large. For the barons of Carrick were a war-like race, ever at feud either with each other or with their neighbours in the adjoining sheriffdoms, and they had power enough to make themselves of consequence for good or ill to the government of the realm. But of the barons more anon.

Looking at the great size and weight of the Stone of Killochan, one is

tempted at the very first to ask how so large a block came to be where it now lies. It measures roughly about four hundred and eighty cubic feet, and must thus weigh somewhere about thirty-seven tons. There are no overhanging crags from which it could have rolled. It stands high above the river, and fully a hundred feet above the sea, so that we can scarcely imagine it to have been washed down by floods, even if its great size did not forbid such a supposition. But our surprise increases tenfold when we find that this great mass of rock consists entirely of a close-grained granite. There is in the neighbourhood no granite hill from which it could have been detached. Silurian grits, slates and limestones, old red sandstones and conglomerates, carboniferous shales, freestones and coals, form all the surrounding country; but there is no granite. Whence then came the Baron's Stone? Perhaps a casual visitor might be bold enough to imagine that it was brought up from the coast by some of the old barons, having been shipped across from Arran. The size of the boulder, however, is enough of itself to show the absurdity of such a notion. Let the visitor step down to the margin of the river and look at the blocks of granite—less, indeed, in size, but similar in composition and form—which are lying by scores along the watercourse. Let him turn eastward into the picturesque little dell, by the side of which lies the carriage-way to the castle. In the bed of the rivulet he will see another set of large granite boulders, one of them containing about two hundred cubic feet of stone. Throughout the whole valley, in short, he can hardly turn anywhere without encountering similar boulders. They have been mostly cleared off the cultivated places, and may be seen gathered into groups at the corners of the fields. They crowd the bottom of all the streamlets. The field fences are built of them, road-walls, door-posts, lintels; even entire cottages have been made out of these widely distributed stones. The old

barons would have had but a sorry time of it, had their days been spent in bringing granite boulders from a distance to mar their own fields and cumber their moors and hillsides, already barren enough by nature. They could then have enjoyed but little leisure for the pastime of killing and maiming each other. And yet all the barons of Carrick, with all their vassals and retainers to boot, working hard together for five hundred years, could not have done a thousandth part of the work.

So conspicuous a feature in the scenery of the country could not well escape notice, especially in early times, when a supernatural origin was easily found for what could not otherwise be readily explained. I have not yet been able to recover any of these traditional theories of the boulders in this part of Scotland. They still exist, however, in other districts; and as a good sample of the class, especially in the way of showing the dry humour which enters so largely into Elfin legend north of the Tweed, I may quote one which came under my own notice some time ago in Clydesdale. Not many miles above the Falls of Clyde the river makes some serpentine curves through a wide alluvial plain. One of these bends approaches the village of Carnwath, and the stream has there cut away part of a bank of soft clay and sand, on which are scattered a number of blocks of greenstone. An intelligent native of Carnwath, to whom I applied for information about the former number of the boulders, told me that in his boyhood the ground between the river and the Yelping Craig, about two miles off, was literally strewn over with blocks of all sizes, up to masses six feet or more in height. So abundant were they to the south-west of Carnwath, that one tract was known as the "Hell-Stanes Gate" i.e. road, and another as the "Hell-Stanes Loan." The stones have now well-nigh disappeared under the sway of the farmers, but the old legend of their origin still remains. My informant, after pointing out the

graves of some of the larger boulders, and the broken remains of others, went on to tell how, in old times, Michael Scott and the Devil had entered into a compact with a band of witches to dam back the Clyde. It was one of the conditions of the agreement that the name of the Supreme Being should never on any account be mentioned. All went well for a while; some of the more stalwart spirits having brought their burden of boulders to within a few yards from the edge of the river, when one of the younger members of the company, staggering under the weight of a huge block of greenstone, exclaimed, "O Lord, but I'm tired." Instantly every boulder tumbled to the ground, nor could either witch, warlock, or devil move a single stone one step thereafter. And there the blocks lay for many a long century, until the rapacious farmers quarried and blasted and buried them.

There can be little doubt that the elfins of old must have been not less busy in Carrick, though the records of their doings have faded into tradition. It is still told, however, that one witch, of more than ordinary audacity and strength, lifted a great hill from the Ayrshire uplands, and putting it in her apron, made off through the air for Ireland. But, as bad luck would have it, the apron-strings broke on the passage, and the hill fell with fearful plunge into the Firth, where it still remains, under the name of Ailsa Craig. The only original account of the boulders of the Girvan valley which has come under my notice, was that of a mason who, when asked his idea of the endless blocks of granite that dot the fields and hillsides like flocks of sheep, gravely remarked that "when the Almichtie 'flang the warld out, He maun hae 'putten thae stanes upon her to keep 'her steady."

Supernatural agency failing us, we come back again to the question, Whence came the Baron's Stone of Killochan, and all its kindred boulders? There is, as every tourist knows, a great mass of granite in Arran. It rises into the

noble cone of Goatfell, and forms the chains of jagged peaks that overshadow the defiles of Glen Rosa and Glen Sannox. But this granite is not the same as that of the Carrick boulders. It differs in texture, partly also in composition, and in certain mineralogical peculiarities which need not be specified here. There can, indeed, be no doubt whatever that the boulders did not come from Arran. Where then is their source to be sought? Let us in imagination make our way up the valley of the Girvan, and note as we go such changes of scenery and rock as may chance to throw light on the matter. The lower portion of the river's course from the sea runs along the northern base of a tolerably steep line of hills, rising, as I have said, to heights of over a thousand feet, and sweeping away southward and eastward into the wild mountainous uplands of Carrick and Galloway. After skirting these hills for about sixteen miles, among woodlands and pleasure-grounds, and past the remains of not a few ancient strongholds, we find the course of the stream bend round at nearly a right angle towards the south, and enter the hilly ground through a narrow and deep defile. Looking up this straitened valley the cultivated country lies all behind us, while in front are the lonely hills. The change of scenery takes place at once, for no sooner do we quit the lower grounds and plunge into the chain of hills than the rich woods and corn-fields disappear, steep grassy and rocky declivities descend abruptly upon the narrowed strip of alluvial soil that borders the river, trees occur only at intervals and chiefly down the watercourses, the herbage grows more and more heathy, and traces of cultivation more and more scanty, until, as we wind up the valley, we at last take leave of all signs of human habitation, and enter upon a region of wide, desolate, treeless moorland, and grey, craggy mountain. The lower part of the course of the Girvan lies chiefly upon the various members of the Scottish carboniferous series of rocks. But, where it quits the plains and ascends into the

high grounds, it enters upon that wide band of Silurian strata which stretches entirely across the south of Scotland from the Irish Sea to the German Ocean. These Silurian rocks are bent and broken like crumpled parchments, and with all varieties of crag and knoll, dingle and dell, rounded hill, steep precipice, and rough, rugged mountain, they form the whole of the wide uplands of Carrick and Galloway, rising to a height of more than 2,700 feet above the sea. It is on the northern flank of the highest chain of the great central group of hills that the Girvan has its source. Following its course upwards from the lowland country, we find the same abundance of boulders in the narrowed valley as in the more open parts towards the sea. Still we fail to trace any granite forming a solid part of a hill. Conglomerate, shale, grit, porphyry, and other kinds of rock crop out along the sides of the glens, but without any symptoms of granite. And yet the granite boulders, grey and lichen-ed, are strewed over these hillsides just as they were seen far down over the carboniferous strata of the low grounds. At a height of between 700 and 800 feet above the sea there are some remarkable mounds on our way, formed of loose earth and clay, with abundance of boulders of various Silurian rocks, and here and there with large blocks of granite strewed over their surface. Similar mounds occur higher up, and all the interval is studded as usual with granite boulders. Still we can see no granite in place. Passing one or two small lakes, or lochans, which receive and discharge the waters of the Girvan in an undulating mossy tract of ground, we begin to be utterly amazed at the prodigious quantity as well as the great size of the granite blocks. Grey and lichen-crusted, or crumbling into sand, they are scattered over the valley by thousands. They lie on all manner of declivities, sometimes on mounds of rubbish, sometimes on prominent ridges of rocks, and sometimes half-buried in peat bogs, like groups of "laird" cattle. Moreover, as we rise with this broken ground, our eyes are struck with the

strange hummocky shapes into which the hill-sides have been worn. The solid rock comes almost everywhere to the daylight in the form of rounded knolls and hollows, and its surface, especially where it has been preserved from the tear and wear of the weather by a coating of turf or soil, has a singularly smoothed and polished appearance, which is rendered all the more marked, seeing that the edges of the vertical strata have been ground down into one common plane. On such rounded and polished bosses of rock the never-failing granite boulders may be seen at every turn. At length the valley narrows in a scene of strange and lonely grandeur. The brawling brook—it no longer merits the title of river—throws its amber waters into foam over endless boulders that choke up its channel. And then, where the torrent breaks impatiently from the lower end of another lochan, among hardened beds of Silurian grit and shale, we enter upon a great mass of granite which forms the remaining mile of the course of the Girvan, and rises high on either hand into grey, rugged hills. Craggs of granite of every size and form stand up bleached and barren from the brown heath below them. Blocks of granite in endless varieties of bulk and shape lie strewed about, beneath and around the crag from which they have been detached. The river begins at a little tarn, called Loch Girvan Eye, a complete basin in the granite, 1,600 feet above the sea. Round this sheet of water the rugged ground is cumbered with blocks that seem just waiting their turn to be borne away down to the lower grounds. To the south rises a high bleak mountain ridge, which ascends to an elevation of 2,700 feet above the sea, and 1,100 feet over the tarn whence the Girvan takes its rise. Here, at last, is the source of the granite boulders of the valley. It was from these lonely hillsides that the Baron's Stone of Killochan was carried.

From these high grounds, therefore, millions of boulders of all sizes, up to masses weighing at least thirty or forty tons, have been borne seawards and

strewn over the lower hills and valleys of Carrick. What agency could transport them? It is plain that no flood of fresh water could have scattered them, for they are often perched on the hill-tops eight or nine hundred feet above the valleys in which the streams are running. Nor is it conceivable that at a former time, when the level of the land was much lower than it is now, any great ocean wave could have taken its rise within a limited area of what is now the highest ground in the south of Scotland, and carried with it in one vast resistless debacle such enormous quantities of boulders, so as not merely to bring them down into deep confined valleys, but actually to sweep them up again to the summits of the seaward hills.

Such work as this can be done by only one agency in nature—that of Ice.

When we once embrace the idea that the transport of these endless heaps of boulders has been effected by ice, the difficulties which previously seemed insuperable one by one disappear. And the more we examine into the facts of the case, the more firm becomes our conviction that this after all is the true theory. Looking at the Carrick hills with an eye that has been trained in the study of what are known as glacial phenomena, the geologist sees at every turn traces of a time when one wide mantle of ice and snow was thrown far and wide athwart the mountains and valleys of Scotland. The peculiarly-shaped hummocks and bosses of rock, so shorn and smoothed, recal at once the *roches moutonnées*, or ice-worn rocks, of Alpine valleys. The huge blocks of granite strewn along the hillsides remind one of the *blocs perchés* that abound on the flanks of the Swiss mountains, where they have been left by the retreating glaciers. The mounds of earth and rubbish, which we noted in our imaginary ascent of the course of the Girvan, are quite comparable with the moraines or rubbish-heaps that are shed from the ends of glaciers at the present day. Indeed, the whole contour of the ground, especially in the upper parts of the Girvan Valley,

suggests at a glance the former existence there of a massive sheet of ice which, descending ceaselessly from the higher tracts towards the sea, ground down and smoothed the surface of the rocks over which it moved. I have noticed in these uplands many examples of what are known as "dressed surfaces" on the rocks, and they are well seen in many places near the sea. These "dressings" are long ruts, scratches, and fine striae, running in a determinate line across the smoothed surfaces of the rocks. They look like what might be artificially produced by pushing sand, gravel, and stones, under enormous pressure, along a polished plane of rock. And there cannot be any doubt that it was really by the attrition of such materials that the scratches were made, and that the pressure and onward movement were given by the vast overlying bed of ice. Similar dressings are familiar features of the rocks in Alpine valleys, where the course of the striae runs in the same line as the valley—that is, of course, in the direction in which the glacier has moved.

The water which percolates through the numerous joints and fissures of a rocky cliff freezes as the winter becomes severe, and in so doing expands. In this way the smallest interstices are, by degrees, widened; and, at last, when the thaws of spring set in, the ice, which served to bind the loosened masses of rock together, melts away; and the rocks, having lost their cohesion, tumble down the cliffs in heaps of ruin. Huge blocks of stone are thus disengaged from the sides of the mountains, and if a glacier chance to occupy the bottom of the valley below, the loosened rocks gather in heaps on the surface of the ice. Once there, they are slowly and steadily carried down the valley until—unless some rent in the ice swallows them up by the way—they are thrown down at the end of the glacier, perhaps many leagues from the cliffs whence they originally came. In high northern latitudes, the glaciers, instead of melting far in the interior of the country, as those of the Alps do, actually push

their way out to sea, and break off in vast masses which float away seaward, and are known as icebergs. It is clear that, if the surface of the glacier has been cumbered with boulders and rocky rubbish in the inland glens, it will carry this burden with it as it moves down to the sea level; and the masses of ice which break off from the end of the glacier will, in like manner, bear their cargoes of earth and stones as they journey southwards into the ocean. And, as these ice-islands melt away in their southerly voyage, their cargoes will be scattered far and wide over the bottom of the deep. By this system of transport the ruins of many an Arctic valley are buried in the deeps of the Atlantic.

Now it must have been by such a process as this that our Carrick boulders were dispersed. The land stood at least 1,000 feet lower than it does now, and a group of glaciers crept down to the sea-level from the mountains of Carrick and Galloway. On the surface of these ice-rivers were strewed in large numbers blocks of granite that had been loosened from the outstanding cliffs. Reaching the sea and advancing for some way into its waters, the ends of the glaciers, freighted to the full with granite, were broken off by the tides, and sailing away seawards, dropped over the submerged tracts of Ayrshire the countless boulders that still lie indiscriminately on the hill-tops and valleys which are less than 1,000 feet in height. As happens within the Arctic circle at the present day, the cold may have been so intense as to freeze the waters of the ocean and invest the coast-line of that ancient Scotland with a solid encrusting zone of ice. Such an ice-sheet would envelop many a stone lying along the beach, and, when broken up by the storms of summer, would carry its imprisoned boulders away to sea and finally drop them on the bottom. It is far from improbable that this process was also in play during the long migration of the Carrick boulders. There still exist, in abundance, along some parts of the

shores of the Clyde estuary, the remains of the shells which tenanted the sea during this cold era in our country's past history. Many of these shells are still natives of the neighbouring Firth; some, however, and these often the most abundant, have long since died out in the British seas, though they still flourish in the waters of the Arctic Ocean. They are naturally adapted to a cold climate; and their abundance in the old sea-bottoms of the glacial period that occur on the west coast, affords a curious corroboration of the testimony of the boulders that the climate of the British islands was once as severe as that of modern Greenland.

So here, at last, is the history of the origin of the Baron's Stone of Killochan. It once formed part of a cliff, some 2,000 feet over its present site, far away up among the lonely mountains that look down upon Loch Doon. And, when it occupied its place in that cliff, the mountains around were cased deep in snow, and the glens were clogged with thick masses of ice which, with rock-covered surface, crept stealthily to sea. The granite cliff, like its representatives at the present day, was traversed in all directions by joints and fissures, and liable in consequence to split up into large angular blocks. One of these masses, weighing at least thirty-seven tons, was loosened one day from its resting-place and rolled down among the ruin of boulders that lay heaped upon the glacier below. With the ice in its steady seaward progress, this granite boulder moved mile after mile down the glen; receiving, doubtless, many a dint from brother blocks that were hurried from their long silence in the cliffs to join the rattle of the ice-borne heaps beneath. Reaching the level of that sea, which then rolled over the central plains of Scotland, this granite block was carried away from the coast line on a broken raft of ice. And at last, after a journey of at least eighteen miles from its source by the nearest channel among the sunken hill-tops, its support gave way and it sank to the bottom on or near the spot where it still remains.

Many a shifting scene has come over the face of the country since then. The ice fields have disappeared and with them the hairy elephants and woolly rhinoceroses, reindeer and elks, which then roamed over the land; forests have sprung up and departed; the river has worn its way through cliffs of solid stone and has rolled out many a fair meadow: but there still stands the granite boulder—a silent memorial of the things that have been.

But the Baron's Stone has another history, and from this it takes its name. The granite boulders of Carrick have served as an inexhaustible quarry from the earliest times. They may be seen forming a part of the ramparts of the hill-forts of the early British tribes. Set upright, they sometimes have served as rough unchiseled monumental stones. A rude carving may, indeed, be traced on some of these monoliths. Thus, on the eastern flanks of the Brown Carrick Hill, a few miles south of the town of Ayr, lies an oblong block of grey granite weighing about two tons. It has evidently at one time been upright, and on the original face, which forms now the upper surface of the stone, a rude cross has been carved, having the same outline as the common monumental crosses of the west Highlands. That the stone served as a memorial of the dead can hardly be doubted. So simple an explanation, however, suited not the marvel-loving fancy of the old Carrick men. Abercrommie, the episcopal curate of Maybole, who was "outed" on the re-establishment of Presbyterianism, wrote a "Description of Carrick," about the close of the seventeenth century; and, in alluding to this sculptured stone, he calls it "a big whinstone, upon which there is the 'dull figure of a Crosse; which is alledged to have been done by some 'venerable churchman, who did mediat a peace twixt the King of the Piets and Scots; and to give the more authority to his proposall, did in their sight, by laying a Crosse upon the stone, imprint that figure thereon." Another

legend represents the cross as the impression of Sir William Wallace's sword, which, having been laid on the stone at nightfall, left its mould in the hard granite ere morning. A third version of the story relates how Wallace fought single-handed against a host of Englishmen, and how his sword, happening to strike against the stone, cut its likeness thereon by the blow!

The barons of Carrick found the boulders too hard for the walls of their castles; but they used them with great effect to form the foundations, as in the stately castle of Dalquharran, on the banks of the Girvan. In recent times, as already said, they have been built into stone fences, cut into gate-posts, and squared into blocks of which tombstones and obelisks have been made.

The Baron's Stone of Killochan, however, does not seem ever to have had a tool upon it, until some years ago, the proprietor had its name carved on its side to mark it as sacred from the hands of the relentless farmer. Tradition tells that it served as the judgment-seat of the old barons of Killochan, where they mustered their men, planned their raids, shared the booty, and hanged or cut off the heads of refractory prisoners. The family name is Cathcart, and the property still remains in their hands. They are said to trace their genealogy back to the days of the Bruce, a charter from whom still exists among the family archives. Though overshadowed by the power and influence of the Kennedies, the Cathcarts played their part in the troublous history of Carrick. Three brothers, including the Laird himself, died on the field of Flodden. Alan, third Lord Cathcart, fell at Pinkie. The son of the Flodden hero contrived to rouse the enmity of a branch of the Kennedies, who had lands among the hills to the south, and suffered the loss of his left hand, besides sundry cuttings and woundings about the face. His grandson makes a more notable figure in the history. Choosing a pretty reach of the Girvan, a few hundred yards east from the Baron's stone, where possibly an older castle stood, he built a quaint

mansion on the banks of the river, which still stands, and is known as the old House or Castle of Killochan. It is a characteristic specimen of the Scottish architecture of the period—a sort of passage from the old feudal keep or tower to the more recent mansion-house. The need of a strongly fortified retreat, with loopholes and portcullis, had ceased to exist; but the builders still made their walls four or five feet thick, and, though they were no longer afraid to open out windows, they kept such openings as small as might be. They had been building flanking-towers so long too, that they could not but add one or two to the corners of the house. Moreover, they must needs cut the coping into embrasures, but instead of leaving them free for harquebuss or crossbow, they peaceably surmounted each with a short dumpy spire, like the dome of a pepper-box. Over the doorway is another indication of the advancing civilization of the time; it is an inscription which runs thus:—“This work was begun the 1 of Marche 1586 Be Iohne Cathcart of Carilton and Helene Wallace his Spous The name of the Lord is ane strang tour and the rycheous in their troublis rinnis unto it and findeth refuge Prov 18 vers 10.” It is unnecessary to remark that this is from an older translation of the Scriptures than our Authorized Version. The house—as appears from a curious set of carvings inside representing the founder, with his wife, and apparently his son and daughter—took several years to build. It stands at the edge of a flat strip of alluvial meadow bordering the river, and is surrounded with old trees and hedgerows, and a terraced garden of the antique type. A year or two after the completion of his architectural and horticultural labours at Killochan, he was summoned to attend “the Leutenantis Raid of Dumfreis.” Like a great many other lairds, he thought proper to stay away, and was “delatit” in consequence. Next year—namely, at the close of 1601—he was engaged, along with his son, in one of the most memorable feuds of Ayrshire. The Laird of Bargany, and

No. 100.—VOL. XVII.

the Earl of Cassilis, both Kennedies, and both comparatively young men, had long been at feud. Each jealous of the other's power, they were ready to fly to arms to avenge a real or fancied insult, and it cost King James no little anxiety to keep the peace between them. We find at one time the young Laird of Killochan sent by Bargany, his neighbour, to demand from the Earl of Cassilis the origin of a calumnious statement made by him. On another occasion, when there was like to be blood spilt between the rivals and their followers about the rents of certain fields near the sea, the old Laird Cathcart became surety for the peaceable settlement of the dispute. But these repeated quarrels, though quieted for a time, left their dark sediment of malice and revenge in the breasts of both the chieftains. “The King gart thame schaik handis,” says the old chronicler of these feuds, “but not with their hairttis.” At last, at the end of the year 1601, the earl, hearing that Bargany, with a small band of friends and retainers, was on his way south from Ayr, assembled a large armed force to waylay him. The two parties met near Maybole; Bargany, seeing the enormous disparity of numbers, tried to avoid a combat, and rode on with one part of his horsemen, while the young Cathcart followed at the head of the rest. But the earl and his company were determined to use their advantage, and began to fire across the valley. Bargany's men being now in danger, he boldly rode forward with only two or three friends, and, pushing into the heart of his enemies, called out loudly for the earl. Fighting his way onward, he soon had a host before and behind him; but, after a brave resistance, he was mortally wounded, and his horse bore him back to his own men, among whom he died soon after. The chronicler does not say what part the young Laird of Killochan took in the fight. He mentions the names of four comrades who dashed with Bargany into the ranks of the enemy, but Cathcart is not among them.

The next hundred years saw the reign of the Charleses and the Revolution,

with the weary warfare of religious intolerance between Presbytery and Episcopacy. Ayrshire was a stronghold of the Presbyterians, and its remoter hills served as a favourite retreat from the authority of the Government. The old Laird who built the House of Killochan must have witnessed the earlier scenes of that long strife, for he was alive towards the close of 1612, and in October of that year, "being sick in bodie, but haill in mynd," he made his will. He seems to have been in old age imbued with a large measure of the religious fervour of the period. At least the words of Wodrow, as is probable, are to be referred to this individual, Wodrow says, "The old laird of Carl-toun was extraordinary at solving of "cases of conscience," and he gives an instance of how Dickson, who afterwards became a leader among the Presbyterians, had his doubts and fears as a student cleared away by the graphic exhortations of the old laird to whom he applied for relief. "The said Laird of Carlton," he adds, "was wonderfully holy and "heavenly in his family, and he had "this peculiar way : He retired awhile "his lone, be with him who would, "before family worship, which ordinarily was before dinner, and came

"directly out of his closett to worship ;
"and, be in the family who would, he
"retired immediately after worship to
"his closett till the meat was set on the
"table, and then he came to dinner and
"was extremely pleasant, for ordinary,
"to his conversation."

Some of the later Lairds of Killochan have been in the army ; but, though they have been little on their estates in this part of Scotland, they have, with praiseworthy reverence, maintained the old House in its original condition. The wainscot fittings, thick-mullioned windows, old-fashioned grates, chairs and cabinets, antique four-post beds with faded hangings, and the quaint grouping of tree and terrace, and mossy lawn round the building, still remain much as they were during the lifetime of the builder. Nor have they with less care guarded the oldest of all their heirlooms ; and so, while the progress of agriculture has ploughed the fields, and swept away thousands of the huge granite boulders which of old cumbered the ground, the gentle green slope which looks down on the Girvan, and far away over to Ireland, still keeps its memories of the past, and its grey shattered Baron's Stone of Killochan.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS; OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PALACE OF SLAUGHTER.

"A human shambles with blood-reeking floor."

Æsch. Agamemnon (MISS SWANWICK).

THE door was opened at last, but not till full daylight. It found Eustacie as ready to rush forth, past all resistance, as she had been the night before, and she was already in the doorway when her maid Veronique, her face swollen with weeping, caught her by the hands and implored her to turn back and listen.

And words about a rising of the Huguenots, a general destruction, corpses lying in the court—were already passing between the other maidens and the *concierge*. Eustacie turned upon her servant; "Veronique, what means it? Where is he?"

"Alas! alas! Ah! Mademoiselle, do but lie down! Woe is me! I saw it all! Lie down, and I will tell you."

"Tell! I will not move till you have told me where my husband is," said Eustacie, gazing with eyes that seemed to Veronique turned to stone.

"Ah! my lady—my dear lady! I was on the turn of the stairs and saw all. The traitor—the Chevalier Narcisse—came on him, cloaked like you—and—shot him dead—with, oh, such cruel words of mockery! Oh! woe the day! Stay, stay, dear lady, the place is all blood—they are slaying them all—all the Huguenots! Will no one stop her—Mademoiselle—ma'm'selle—"

For Eustacie no sooner gathered the sense of Veronique's words than she darted suddenly forwards, and was in a few seconds more at the foot of the stairs. There, indeed, lay a pool of dark

gore, and almost in it Berenger's black velvet cap, with the heron plume. Eustacie, with a low cry, snatched it up, continued her headlong course along the corridor, swiftly as a bird, Veronique following, and vainly shrieking to her to stop. Diane, appearing at the other end of the gallery, saw but for a moment the little figure, with the cloak gathered round her neck, and floating behind her, understood Veronique's cry and joined in the chase across hall and gallery, where more stains were to be seen, even down to the marble stairs, every step slippery with blood. Others there were who saw and stood aghast, not understanding the apparition that flitted on so swiftly, never pausing till at the great door at the foot of the stairs she encountered a gigantic Scottish archer, armed to the teeth. She touched his arm, and standing with folded arms looked up and said, "Good soldier, kill me! I am a Huguenot!"

"Stop her! bring her back!" cried Diane from behind, "It is Mdlle. de Nid-de-Merle!"

"No, no! My husband is Huguenot! I am a Huguenot! Let them kill me, I say—!" struggling with Diane, who had now come up with her, and was trying to draw her back.

"Puir lassie," muttered the stout Scotsman to himself, "this fearsome night has driven her demented."

But like a true sentinel he moved neither hand nor foot to interfere, as shaking herself loose from Diane she was springing down the steps into the court, when at that moment the young Abbé de Méricour was seen advancing, pale, breathless, horror-struck, and to him Diane shrieked to arrest the headlong course. He obeyed, seeing the

wild distraction of the white face and widely glaring eyes, took her by both hands, and held her in a firm grasp, saying, "Alas, lady, you cannot go out. It is no sight for any one."

"They are killing the Protestants," she said ; "I am one ! Let me find them and die."

A strong effort to free herself ensued, but it was so suddenly succeeded by a swoon that the Abbé could scarcely save her from dropping on the steps. Diane begged him to carry her in, since they were in full view of men-at-arms in the court, and, frightful to say, of some of the ladies of the palace, who, in the frenzy of that dreadful time, had actually come down to examine the half-stripped corpses of the men with whom they had jest not twelve hours before.

"Ah ! it is no wonder," said the youthful Abbé, as he tenderly lifted the inanimate figure. "This has been a night of horrors. I was coming in haste to know whether the King knows of this frightful plot of M. de Guise and the bloody work that is passing in Paris."

"The King !" exclaimed Diane, "M. l'Abbé, do you know where he is now ? In the balcony overlooking the river, taking aim at the fugitives ! Take care. Even your *soutane* would not save you if M. d'O and his crew heard you. But I must pray you to aid me with this poor child ! I dread that her wild cries should be heard."

The Abbé, struck dumb with horror, silently obeyed Mdlle. de Ribaumont, and brought the still insensible Eustacie to the chamber, now deserted by all the young ladies. He laid her on her bed, and finding he could do no more, left her to her cousin and her maid.

The poor child had been unwell and feverish ever since the masque, and the suspense of these few days with the tension of that horrible night had prostrated her. She only awoke from her swoon to turn her head from the light and refuse to be spoken to.

"But Eustacie, child, listen ; this is all in vain—he lives," said Diane.

"Weary me not with falsehoods," faintly said Eustacie.

"No ! no ! no ! They meant to hinder your flight, but—"

"They knew of it ?" cried Eustacie, sitting up suddenly. "Then you told them. Go—go ; let me never see you more ! You have been his death."

"Listen ! I am sure he lives ! What, would they injure one whom my father loved. I heard my father say he would not have him hurt. Depend upon it he is safe on his way to England."

Eustacie gave a short but frightful hysterical laugh, and pointed to Veronique. "She saw it," she said ; "ask her."

"Saw what ?" said Diane, turning fiercely on Veronique. "What vile deceit have you half killed your lady with ?"

"Alas ! Mademoiselle, I did but tell her what I had seen," sighed Veronique, trembling.

"Tell me," said Diane passionately.

"Yes, everything," said Eustacie, sitting up.

"Ah ! Mademoiselle, it will make you ill again."

"I will be ill—I will die ! Heaven's slaying is better than man's. Tell her how you saw Narcisse."

"False girl !" burst out Diane.

"No, no," cried Veronique. "Oh, pardon me, Mademoiselle, I could not help it."

In spite of her reluctance, she was forced to tell that she had found herself locked out of her mistress's room, and after losing much time in searching for the *concierge*, learnt that the ladies were locked up by order of the Queen-mother, and was strongly advised not to be running about the passages. After a time, however, while sitting with the *concierge's* wife, she heard such frightful whispers from men with white badges, who were admitted one by one by the porter, and all led silently to a small lower room, that she resolved on seeking out the Baron's servant, and sending him to warn his master, while she would take up her station at her lady's door. She found Osbert, and with him was ascending a narrow spiral leading from the offices—she, unfortunately, the fore-

most. As she came to the top, a scuffle was going on—four men had thrown themselves upon one, and a torch distinctly showed her the younger chevalier holding a pistol to the cheek of the fallen man, and she heard the words, "*Le baiser d'Eustacie ! Je te barbouillerais ce chien de visage,*" and at the same moment the pistol was discharged. She sprang back, oversetting, as she believed, Osbert, and fled shrieking to the room of the *concierge*, who shut her in till morning.

"And how—how," stammered Diane, "should you know it was the Baron?"

Eustacie, with a death-like look, showed for a moment what even in her swoon she had held clenched to her bosom, the velvet cap soaked with blood.

"Besides," added Veronique, resolved to defend her assertion, "whom else would the words suit? Besides, are not all the heretic gentlemen dead? Why, as I sat there in the porter's room, I heard M. d'O call each one of them by name, one after the other, into the court, and there the white-sleeves cut them down or pistolled them like sheep for the slaughter. They lie all out there on the terrace like so many carcases at market ready for winter salting."

"All slain?" said Eustacie, dreamily.

"All, except those that the King called into his own *garde robe*."

"Then, I slew him!" Eustacie sank back.

"I tell you, child," said Diane, almost angrily, "he lives. Not a hair of his head was to be hurt! The girl deceives you."

But Eustacie had again become insensible, and awoke delirious, entreating to have the door opened, and fancying herself still on the revolving elysium, "Oh, demons! demons, have pity!" was her cry.

Diane's soothings were like speaking to the winds; and at last she saw the necessity of calling in further aid; but afraid of the scandal that the poor girl's raving accusations might create, she would not send for the Huguenot surgeon, Ambroise Paré, whom the King

had carefully secured in his own apartments, but employed one of the barber valets of the Queen-mother's household. Poor Eustacie was well pleased to see her blood flowing, and sank back on her pillow murmuring that she had confessed her husband's faith, and would soon be one with him, and Diane feared for a moment lest the swoon should indeed be death.

The bleeding was so far effectual that it diminished the fever, and Eustacie became rational again when she had dozed or wakened, but she was little able or willing to speak, and would not so much as listen to Diane's asseverations that Veronique had made a frightful error, and that the Baron would prove to be alive. Whether it were that the admission that Diane had known of the project for preventing the elopement that invalidated her words, or whether the sufferer's instinct made her believe Veronique's testimony rather than her cousin's assurances, it was all "cramming words into her ear against the stomach of her sense," and she turned away from them with a piteous, petulant hopelessness: "Could they not even let her alone to die in peace?"

Diane was almost angered at this little silly child being in such an agony of sorrow—she, who could never have known how to love him. And after all this persistent grief was wilfully thrown away. For Diane spoke in perfect sincerity when she taxed Veronique with an injurious, barbarous mistake. She knew her father's strong aversion to violence, and the real predilection that Berenger's good mien, respectful manners, and liberal usage had won from him, and she believed he had much rather the youth lived, provided he were inoffensive. No doubt a little force had been necessary to kidnap one so tall, active, and determined, and Veronique had made up her horrible tale after the usual custom of waiting-maids.

Nothing else *should* be true. Did she think otherwise, she should be even more frantic than Eustacie! Why, it would be her own doing! She had betrayed the day of the escape—she had

held aloof from warning. There was pleasure in securing Nid-de-Merle for her brother, pleasure in baulking the foolish child who had won the heart that disregarded her. Nay, there might have been even pleasure in the destruction of the scorner of her charms—the foe of her house—there might have been pride in receiving Queen Catherine's dexterous hint that she had been an apt pupil if the young Baron had only been something different—something less fair, gracious, bright, and pure. One bright angel seemed to have flitted across her path, and nothing should induce her to believe she had destroyed him.

The stripped corpses of the murdered Huguenots of the palace had been laid in a line on the terrace, and the ladies who had laughed with them the night before went to inspect them in death. A few remnants of Sœur Monique's influence would have withheld Diane but that a frenzy of suspense was growing on her. She must see for herself. If it were so, she must secure a fragment of the shining flaxen hair, if only as a token that anything so pure and bright had walked the earth.

She went on the horrible quest, shrinking where others stared. For it was a pitiless time, and the squadron of the Queen-mother were as lost to womanhood as the fishwomen of two centuries later. But Diane saw no corpse at once so tall, so young and so fair, though blond Normans and blue-blooded Franks, lads scarce sixteen and stalwart warriors, lay in one melancholy rank. She at least bore away the certainty that the English Ribau mont was not there ; and if not, he *must* be safe ! She could obtain no further certainty, for she knew that she must not expect to see either her father or brother. There was a panic throughout the city. All Paris imagined that the Huguenots were on the point of rising and slaying all the Catholics, and, with the savagery of alarmed cowardice, the citizens and the mob were assisting the armed bands of the Dukes of Anjou and Guise to complete the slaughter, dragging their lodgers from their hiding-places, and de-

nouncing all whom they suspected of reluctance to mass and confession. But on the Monday, Diane was able to send an urgent message to her father that he must come to speak with her, for Mlle. de Nid-de-Merle was extremely ill. She would meet him in the garden after morning mass.

There accordingly, when she stepped forth pale, rigid, but stately, with her large fan in her hand to serve as a parasol, she met both him and her brother. She was for a moment sorry, for she had much power over her father, while she was afraid of her brother's sarcastic tongue and eye ; she knew he never scrupled to sting her wherever she was most sensitive, and she would have been able to extract much more from her father in his absence. France has never been without a tendency to produce the tiger-monkey, or ferocious fop ; and the *genus* was in its full ascendancy under the sons of Catherine de Medicis, when the dregs of François the First's *Pseudo-chivalry* were not extinct—when horrible, retaliating civil wars of extermination had made life cheap ; nefarious persecutions had hardened the heart and steeled the eye, and the licentiousness promoted by the shifty Queen as one of her instruments of government had darkened the whole understanding. The most hateful heights of perfidy, effeminacy, and hypocrisy were not reached till poor Charles IX. who only committed crimes on compulsion, was in his grave, and Henry III. on the throne ; but Narcisse de Ribau mont was one of the choice companions of the latter, and after the night and day of murder now stood before his sister with scented hair and handkerchief—the last, laced, delicately held by a hand in an embroidered glove—emerald pendants in his ears, a moustache twisted into sharp points and turned up like an eternal sardonic smile, and he led a little white poodle by a rose-coloured ribbon.

"Well, sister," he said, as he went through the motions of kissing her hand, and she embraced her father ; "so you don't know how to deal with megrims and transports ?"

"Father," said Diane, not vouchsafing any attention, "unless you can send her some assurance of his life, I will not answer for the consequences."

Narcisse laughed, "Take her this dog, with my compliments. That is the way to deal with such a child as that."

"You do not know what you say, brother," answered Diane with dignity. "It goes deeper than that."

"The deeper it goes, child," said the elder chevalier, "the better it is that she should be undeceived as soon as possible. She will recover, and be amenable the sooner."

"Then he lives, father?" exclaimed Diane. "He lives, though she is not to hear it—say——"

"What know I?" said the old man evasively. "On a night of confusion many mischances are sure to occur! Lurking in the palace at the very moment when there was a search for the conspirators, it would have been a miracle had the poor young man escaped."

Diane turned still whiter. "Then," she said, "that was why you made Monsieur put Eustacie into the ballet, that they might not go on Wednesday!"

"It was well hinted by you, daughter. We could not have effectually stopped them on Wednesday without making a scandal."

"Once more," said Diane, gasping, though still resolute; "is not the story told by Eustacie's woman false—that she saw him—pistolled—by you, brother!"

"Peste!" cried Narcisse. "Was the prying wench there? I thought the little one might be satisfied that he had neighbour's fare. No matter; what is done for one's *beaux yeux* is easily pardoned—and if not, why, I have her all the same!"

"Nevertheless, daughter," said the Chevalier gravely, "the woman must be silenced. Either she must be sent home, or taught so to swear to having been mistaken, that *la petite* may acquit your brother! But what now, my daughter?"

"She is livid!" exclaimed Narcisse, with his sneer. "What, sir, did not

you know she was smitten with the peach on the top of a pole?"

"Enough, brother," said Diane, recovering herself enough to speak hoarsely, but with hard dignity. "You have slain—you need not insult, one whom you have lost the power of understanding!"

"Shallow schoolboys certainly form no part of my study, save to kick them downstairs when they grow impudent," said Narcisse, coolly. "It is only women who think what is long must be grand."

"Come, children, no disputes," said the Chevalier. "Of course we regret that so fine a youth mixed himself up with the enemies of the kingdom, like the stork among the sparrows. Both Diane and I are sorry for the necessity; but remember, child, that when he was interfering between your brother and his just right of inheritance and destined wife, he could not but draw such a fate on himself. Now all is smooth, the estates will be united in their true head, and you—you too, my child, will be provided for as suits your name. All that is needed is to soothe the little one, so as to hinder her from making an outcry—and silence the maid; my child will do her best for her father's sake, and that of her family."

Diane was less demonstrative than most of her countrywomen. She had had time to recollect the uselessness of giving vent to her indignant anguish, and her brother's derisive look held her back. The family tactics, from force of habit, recurred to her; she made no further objection to her father's commands; but when her father and brother parted with her, she tottered into the now empty chapel, threw herself down, with her burning forehead on the stone step, and so lay for hours. It was not in prayer. It was because it was the only place where she could be alone. To her, heaven above and earth below seemed alike full of despair, darkness, and cruel habitations, and she lay like one sick with misery and repugnance to the life and world that lay before her—the hard world

that had quenched that one fair light and mocked her pity. It was a misery of solitude, and yet no thought crossed her of going to weep and sympathise with the other sufferer. No; rivalry and jealousy came in there! Eustacie viewed herself as his wife, and the very thought that she had been deliberately preferred and had enjoyed her triumph hardened Diane's heart against her. Nay, the open violence and abandonment of her grief seemed to the more restrained and concentrated nature of her elder a sign of shallowness and want of durability; and in a certain contemptuous envy at her professing a right to mourn, Diane never even reconsidered her own resolution to play out her father's game, consign Eustacie to her husband's murderer, and leave her to console herself with bridal splendours and a choice of admirers from all the court.

However, for the present Diane would rather stay away as much as possible from the sick-bed of the poor girl, and when an approaching step forced her to rouse herself and hurry away by the other door of the chapel, she did indeed mount to the ladies' bed-chamber, but only to beckon Veronique out of hearing, and ask for her mistress.

Just the same still, only sleeping to have feverish dreams of the revolving wheel or the demons grappling her husband, refusing all food but a little drink, and lying silent except for a few moans, heedless who spoke or looked at her.

Diane explained that in that case it was needless to come to her, but added, with the *vraisemblance* of falsehood in which she had graduated in Catherine's school, "Veronique, as I told you, you were mistaken."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, if M. le Baron lives, she will be cured at once."

"Silly girl," said Diane, giving relief to her pent-up feeling by asperity of manner, "how could he live when you and your intrigues got him into the palace on such a night? Dead he is, *of course*; but it was your own treacherous, mischievous fancy that laid it on my brother. He was far away with M. de

Guise at the attack on the Admiral. It was some of Monsieur's grooms you saw. You remember she had brought him into a scrape with Monsieur, and it was sure to be remembered. And look you, if you repeat the other tale, and do not drive it out of her head, you need not look to be long with her—no, nor at home. My father will have no one there to cause a scandal by an evil tongue."

That threat convinced Veronique that she had been right; but she, too, had learnt lessons at the Louvre, and she was too diplomatic not to ask pardon for her blunder, promise to contradict it when her mistress could listen, and express her satisfaction that it was not the Chevalier Narcisse—for such things were not pleasant, as she justly observed, in families.

About noon on the Tuesday the Louvre was unusually tranquil. All the world had gone forth to a procession to Notre Dame, headed by the King and all the royal family, to offer thanksgiving for the deliverance of the country from the atrocious conspiracy of the Huguenots. Eustacie's chamber was freed from the bustle of all the maids of honour arraying themselves, and adjusting curls, feathers, ruffs and jewels; and such relief as she was capable of experiencing she felt in the quiet.

Veronique hoped she would sleep, and watched like a dragon to guard against any disturbance, springing out with up-raised finger when a soft gliding step and rustling of brocade was heard. "Does she sleep?" said a low voice; and Veronique, in the pale thin face with tear-swollen eyes and light yellow hair recognised the young Queen. "My good girl," said Elisabeth, with almost a beseeching gesture, "let me see her. I do not know when again I may be able."

Veronique stood aside, with the lowest possible of curtsies, just as her mistress with a feeble, weary voice murmured, "Oh, make them let me alone!"

"My poor, poor child," said the Queen, bending over Eustacie, while her brimming eyes let the tears fall fast, "I will not disturb you long, but I could not help it."

"Her Majesty!" exclaimed Eustacie, opening wide her eyes in amazement.

"My dear, suffer me here a little moment," said the meek Elisabeth, seating herself so as to bring her face near to Eustacie's; "I could not rest till I had seen how it was with you, and wept with you."

"Ah, Madame, you can weep," said Eustacie slowly, looking at the Queen's heavy tearful eyes almost with wonder; "but I do not weep, because I am dying, and that is better."

"My dear, my dear, do not so speak!" exclaimed the gentle but rather dull Queen.

"Is it wrong? Nay, so much the better—then I shall be with *him*," said Eustacie in the same feeble dreamy manner, as if she did not understand herself, but a little roused by seeing she had shocked her visitor. "I would not be wicked. He was all bright goodness and truth; but his does not seem to be goodness that brings to heaven, and I do not want to be in the heaven of these cruel false men—I think it would go round and round." She shut her eyes as if to steady herself, and that moment seemed to give her more self-recollection, for looking at the weeping, troubled visitor, she exclaimed, with more energy, "Oh! Madame, it must be a dreadful fancy! Good men like him cannot be shut into those fiery gates with the torturing devils."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Queen. "My poor, poor child, grieve not yourself thus. At my home, my Austrian home, we do not speak in this dreadful way. My father loves and honours his loyal Protestants, and he trusts that the good God accepts their holy lives in His unseen Church, even though outwardly they are separate from us. My German confessor ever said so. Oh! child, it would be too frightful if we deemed that all those souls as well as bodies perished in these frightful days. Myself, I believe that they have their reward for their truth and constancy."

Eustacie caught the Queen's hand, and fondled it with delight, as though those

words had veritably opened the gates of heaven to her husband. The Queen went on in her slow gentle manner, the very tone of which was inexpressibly soothing and sympathetic: "Yes, and all will be clear there. No more violence. At home our good men think so, and the King will think the same when these cruel counsellors will leave him to himself; and I pray, I pray day and night, that God will not lay this sin to his account, but open his eyes to repent. Forgive him, Eustacie, and pray for him too."

"The King would have saved my husband, Madame," returned Eustacie. "He bade him to his room. It was I, unhappy I, who detained him, lest our flight should have been hindered."

The Queen in her turn kissed Eustacie's forehead with eager gratitude. "Oh, little one, you have brought a drop of comfort to a heavy heart. Alas! I could sometimes feel you to be a happier wife than I, with your perfect trust in the brave pure-spirited youth, unworped by these wicked, cruel advisers. I loved to look at his open brow; it was so like our bravest German Junkers. And child, we thought, both of us, to have brought about your happiness; but, ah! it has but caused all this misery."

"No, no, dearest Queen," said Eustacie, "this month with all its woe has been joy—life! Oh! I had rather lie here and die for his loss than be as I was before he came. And *now*—now, you have given him to me for all eternity—if but I am fit to be with him!"

Eustacie had revived so much during the interview that the Queen could not believe her to be in a dying state; but she continued very ill, the low fever still hanging about her, and the faintness continual. The close room, the turmoil of its many inhabitants, and the impossibility of quiet also harassed her greatly, and Elisabeth had little or no power of making any other arrangements for her in the palace. Ladies when ill were taken home, and this poor child had no home. The other Maids of Honour were a gentler, simpler set than

Catherine's squadron, and were far from unkind; but between them and her, who had so lately been the brightest child of them all, there now lay that great gulf. "*Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.*" That the little blackbird, as they used to call her, should have been on the verge of running away with her own husband was a half understood, amusing mystery discussed in exaggerating prattle. This was hushed, indeed, in the presence of that crushed, prostrate, silent sorrow; but there was still an utter incapacity of true sympathy that made the very presence of so many oppressive, even when they were not in murmurs discussing the ghastly tidings of massacres in other cities, and the fate of acquaintances.

On that same day, the Queen sent for Diane to consult her about the sufferer. Elisabeth longed to place her in her own cabinet and attend on her herself; but she was afraid to do this, as the unhappy King was in such a frenzied mood, and so constantly excited by his brother and Guise, that it was possible that some half-delirious complaint from poor Eustacie might lead to serious consequences. Indeed, Elisabeth, though in no state to bear agitation, was absorbed in her endeavour to prevent him from adding blood to blood, and a few days later actually saved the lives of the King of Navarre and Prince of Condé, by throwing herself before him half-dressed, and tearing his weapon from his hand. Her only hope was that if she should give him a son, her influence for mercy would revive with his joy. Meantime she was powerless, and she could only devise the sending the poor little sufferer to a convent, where the nuns might tend her till she was restored to health and composure. Diane acquiesced, but suggested sending for her father, and he was accordingly summoned. Diane saw him first alone, and both agreed that he had better take Eustacie to Bellaise, where her aunt would take good care of her, and in a few months she would no doubt be weary enough of the country to be in raptures to return to Paris on any terms.

Yet even as Diane said this, a sort of longing for the solitude of the woods of Nid-de-Merle came over her, a recollection of the good Sister Monique, at whose knee she had breathed somewhat of the free pure air that her murdered cousin had brought with him; a sense that there she could pour forth her sorrow. She offered herself at once to go with Eustacie.

"No, no, my daughter," said the Chevalier, "that is unnecessary. There is pleasanter employment for you. I told you that your position was secured. Here is a brilliant offer—M. de Selinville."

"*Le bonhomme de Selinville!*" exclaimed Diane, feeling rather as if the compensation were like the little dog offered to Eustacie.

"Know you not that his two heretic nephews perished the other night? He is now the head of his name, the Marquis, the only one left of his house."

"He begins early," said Diane.

"An old soldier, my daughter, scarce stays to count the fallen. He has no time to lose. He is sixty, with a damaged constitution. It will be but the affair of a few years, and then will my beautiful Marquise be free to choose for herself. I shall go from the young Queen to obtain permission from the Queen-mother."

No question was asked. Diane never even thought objection possible. It was a close to that present life which she had begun to loathe: it gave comparative liberty. It would dull and confuse her heart-sick pain, and give her a certain superiority to her brother. Moreover, it would satisfy the old father, whom she really loved. Marriage with a worn-out old man was a simple step to full display for young ladies without fortune.

The Chevalier told Queen Elisabeth his purpose of placing his niece in the family convent, under the care of her aunt, the Abbess, in a foundation endowed by her own family on the borders of her own estate. Elisabeth would have liked to keep her nearer, but could not but own that the change to the

scenes of her childhood might be more beneficial than a residence in a nunnery at Paris, and the Chevalier spoke of his niece with a tender solicitude that gained the Queen's heart. She consented, only stipulating that Eustacie's real wishes should be ascertained, and herself again made the exertion of visiting the patient for the purpose.

Eustacie had been partly dressed, and was lying as near as she could to the narrow window. The Queen would not let her move, but took her damp, languid hand, and detailed her uncle's proposal. It was plain that it was not utterly distasteful. "Sœur Monique," she said, "Sœur Monique would sing hymns to me, and then I should not see the imps at night."

"Poor child! And you would like to go. You could bear the journey?"

"It would be in the air! And then I should not smell blood—blood!" And her cheeks became whiter again, if possible.

"Then, you would not rather be at the Carmelites, or Maubuisson, near me?"

"Ah! Madame, there would not be Sœur Monique. If the journey would only make me die, as soon as I came, with Sœur Monique to hush me, and keep off dreadful images!"

"Dear child, you should put away that thought of dying. Maybe you are to live, that your prayers may win salvation for the soul of him you love."

"O, then! I should like to go into a convent so strict—so strict," cried Eustacie, with renewed vigour. "Bellaise is nothing like strict enough. Does your Majesty indeed think that my prayers will aid him?"

"Alas! what hope could we have but in praying," said Elisabeth, with tears in her eyes. "Little one, we will be joined at least in our prayers and intercessions: thou wilt not forget in thine one who yet lives, unhappier than all!"

"And, oh, my good, my holy Queen, will you indeed pray for him—my husband? He was so good, his faith can surely not long be reckoned against him. He did not believe in Purgatory!

Perhaps——" Then frowning with a difficulty far beyond a fever-clouded brain, she concluded—"At least, orisons may aid him! It is doing something for him! Oh, where are my beads!—I can begin at once."

The Queen put her arm round her, and together they said the *De profundis*,—the Queen understood every word far more for the living than the dead. Again Elisabeth had given new life to Eustacie. The intercession for her husband was something to live for, and the severest convent was coveted, until she was assured that she would not be allowed to enter on any rule till she had time to recover her health, and show the constancy of her purpose by a residence at Bellaise.

Ere parting, however, the Queen bent over her, and colouring, as if much ashamed of what she said, whispered—"Child, not a word of the ceremony at Montpipeau!—you understand? The King was always averse; it would bring him and me into dreadful trouble with those others, and alas! it makes no difference now! You will be silent!"

And Eustacie signed her acquiescence, as indeed no difficulty was made in her being regarded as the widow of the Baron de Ribaumont, when she further insisted on procuring a widow's dress before she quitted her room, and declared, with much dignity, that she should esteem no person her friend who called her *Mademoiselle de Nid-de-Merle*. To this the Chevalier de Ribaumont was willing to give way; he did not care whether Narcisse married her as Berenger's widow or as the separated maiden-wife, and he thought her vehement opposition and dislike would die away the faster the fewer impediments were placed in her way. Both he and Diane strongly discouraged any attempt on Narcisse's part at a farewell interview; and thus unmolested, and under the constant soothing influence of reciting her prayers, in the trust that they were availing her husband, Eustacie rallied so much that about ten days after the dreadful St. Bartholomew, in the early morning, she was half-led half-carried down the stairs between

her uncle and Veronique. Her face was close muffled in her thick black veil, but when she came to the foot of the first stairs, where she had found Berenger's cap, a terrible shuddering came on her; she again murmured something about the smell of blood, and fell into a swoon.

"Carry her on at once," said Diane, who was following,—"there will be no end to it if you do not remove her immediately."

And thus shielded from the sight of Narcisse's intended passionate gesture of farewell at the palace-door, Eustacie was laid at full length on the seat of the great ponderous family coach, where Veronique hardly wished to revive her till the eight horses should have dragged her beyond the streets of Paris, with their terrible associations, and the gibbets still hung with the limbs of the murdered.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S ARRIVAL.

"The startling flew to his mother's window
stane,

It whistled and it sang,

And aye, the ower word of the tune

Was 'Johnnie tarries lang.'"

Johnnie of Bredislee.

THERE had been distrust and dissatisfaction at home for many a day past. Berenger could hardly be censured for loving his own wife, and yet his family were by no means gratified by the prospect of his bringing home a little French Papist, of whom Lady Thistlewood remembered nothing good.

Lucy was indigantly fetched home by her stepmother, who insisted on treating her with extreme pity as a deserted maiden, and thus counteracting Aunt Cecily's wise representations, that there never should, and, therefore, never could, have been anything, save fraternal affection between the young people, and that pity was almost an insult to Lucy. The good girl herself was made very uncomfortable by these demonstrations, and avoided them as much as possible, chiefly striving in her own gentle way to prepare her little sisters to expect

numerous charms in brother Berenger's wife, and heartily agreeing with Philip that Berenger knew his own mind best.

"And at any rate," quoth Philip, "we'll have the best bonfire that ever was seen in the country! Lucy, you'll coax my father to give us a tar-barrel!"

The tar-barrel presided over a monstrous pile of faggots, and the fisher-boys were promised a tester to whoever should first bring word to Master Philip that the young lord and lady were in the creek.

Philip gave his pony no rest, between the look-out on the downs and the borders of the creek; but day after day passed, and still the smacks from Jersey held no person worth mentioning; and still the sense of expectation kept Lucy starting at every sound, and hating herself for her own folly.

At last Philip burst into Combe Manor, fiery red with riding and consternation. "Oh! father, father, Paul Duval's boat is come in, and he says that the villain Papists have butchered every Protestant in France."

Sir Marmaduke's asseveration was of the strongest, that he did not believe a word of it. Nevertheless, he took his horse and rode down to interrogate Paul Duval, and charge him not to spread the report lest he should alarm the ladies.

But the report was in the air. He went to the hall, and the butler met him with a grave face, and took him to the study, where Lord Walwyn was sitting over letters newly received from London, giving dark hints from the Low Countries of bloody work in France. And when he returned to his home, his wife burst out upon him in despair. Here had they been certainly killing her poor boy. Not a doubt that he was dead. All from this miserable going to France, that had been quite against her will.

Stoutly did Sir Marmaduke persevere in his disbelief; but every day some fresh wave of tidings floated in. Murder wholesale had surely been perpetrated. Now came stories of death-bells at Rouen from the fishermen on the coast; now markets and petty sessions discussed the foul slaughter of the Ambassador and

his household ; truly related how the Queen had put on mourning, and falsely that she had hung the French Ambassador La Mothe Fénelon. And Burleigh wrote to his old friend from London, that some horrible carnage had assuredly taken place, and that no news had yet been received of Sir Francis Walsingham or of his suite.

All these days seemed so many years taken from the vital power of Lord Walwyn. Not only had his hopes and affections wound themselves closely around his grandson, but he reproached himself severely with having trusted him in his youth and inexperience among the seductive perils of Paris. The old man grieved over the promising young life cut off, and charged on himself the loss and grief to the women, whose stay he had trusted Berenger would have been. He said little, but his hand and head grew more trembling ; he scarcely ate or slept, and seemed to waste from a vigorous elder to a feeble being in the extremity of old age, till Lady Walwyn had almost ceased to think of her grandson in her anxiety for her husband.

Letters came at last. The messenger despatched by Sir Francis Walsingham had not been able to proceed till the ways had become safe, and he had then been delayed ; but on his arrival his tidings were sent down. There were letters both from Sir Francis Walsingham and from heart-broken Mr. Adderley, both to the same effect, with all possible praises of the young Baron de Ribamont, all possible reproach to themselves for having let him be betrayed into this most horrible snare, in which he had perished, without even a possibility of recovering his remains for honourable burial. Poor Mr. Adderley further said that Mr. Sidney, who was inconsolable for the loss of his friend, had offered to escort him to the Low Countries, whence he would make his way to England, and would present himself at Hurst Walwyn, if his Lordship could endure the sight of his creature who had so miserably failed in his trust.

Lord Walwyn read both letters twice through before he spoke. Then he took

off his spectacles, laid them down, and said calmly, "God's will be done. I thank God that my boy was blameless. Better they slew him than sent him home tainted with their vices."

The certainty, such as it was, seemed like repose after the suspense. They knew to what to resign themselves, and even Lady Thistlewood's tempestuous grief had so spent itself that late in the evening the family sat round the fire in the hall, the old lord dozing as one worn out with sorrow, the others talking in hushed tones of that bright boyhood, that joyous light quenched in the night of carnage.

The butler slowly entered the hall, and approached Sir Marmaduke cautiously. "Can I speak with you, sir ?"

"What is it, Davy ?" demanded the lady, who first caught the words. "What did you say ?"

"Madam, it is Humfrey Holt !"

Humfrey Holt was the head of the grooms who had gone with Berenger ; and there was a general start and suppressed exclamation. "Humfrey Holt !" said Lord Walwyn, feebly drawing himself to sit upright, "hath he, then, escaped ?"

"Yea, my Lord," said Davy, "and he brings news of my young lord."

"Alack ! Davy," said Lady Walwyn, "such news had been precious a while ago."

"Nay, so please your Ladyship, it is better than you deem. Humfrey says my young Lord is yet living."

"Living !" shrieked Lady Thistlewood, starting up. "Living ! My son ! and where ?"

"They are bearing him home, my Lady," said the butler ; "but I fear me, by what Humfrey says, that it is but in woeful case."

"Bringing him home ! Which way ?" Philip darted off like an arrow from the bow. Sir Marmaduke hastily demanded if aid were wanted ; and Lady Walwyn, interpreting the almost inaudible voice of her husband, bade that Humfrey should be called in to tell his own story.

Hands were held out in greeting, and blessings murmured, as the groom

entered, looking battered and worn, and bowing low in confusion at being thus unusually conspicuous, and having to tell his story to the whole assembled family. To the first anxious question as to the condition of the young Lord, he replied, "Marry, my Lady, the life is yet in him, and that is all. He hath been shot through the head and body, and slashed about the face so as it is a shame to see. Nor hath he done aught these three weary weeks but moan from time to time so as it is enough to break one's heart to hear him ; and I fear me 'tis but bringing him home to die."

"Even so, God be thanked ; and you, too, honest Humfrey," said Lady Walwyn. "Let us hear when and how this deed was done."

"Why, that, my Lord, I can't so well say, being that I was not with him ; more's the pity, or I'd have known the reason why, or ever they laid a finger on him. But when Master Landry, his French foster-brother, comes, he will resolve you in his own tongue. I can't parleyvoo with him, but he's an honest rogue for a Frenchman, and 'twas he brought off my young Lord. You see we were all told to be aboard the little French craft. Master Landry took me down and settled it all with the master, a French farmer fellow that came a horse-dealing to Paris. I knew what my young Lord was after, but none of the other varlets did ; and I went down and made as decent a place as I could between decks. My Lord and Master Landry were gone down to the Court meantime, and we were to lie off till we heard a whistle like a mavis on the bank, then come and take them aboard. Well, we waited and waited, and all the lights were out, and not a sound did we hear till just an hour after midnight. Then a big bell rang out, not like a decent Christianable bell, but a great clash, then another, and a lot of strokes enough to take away one's breath. Then half the windows were lighted up, and we heard shots, and screeches, and splashes, till, as I said to Jack Smithers, 'twas as if one-half the place was murdering the other. The farmer got frightened, and would have been off ; but when I saw

what he was at, 'No,' says I, 'not an inch do we budge without news of my Lord.' So Jack stood by the rope, and let them see that 'twas as much as their life was worth to try to unmoor. Mercy, what a night it was ! Shrieks and shouts, and shots and howls, here, there, and everywhere, and splashes into the river ; and by and by we saw the poor murdered creatures come floating by. The farmer, he had some words with one of the boats near, and I heard somewhat of Huguenot and Heretick, and I knew that was what they called good Protestants. Then up comes the farmer with his sons looking mighty ugly at us, and signing that unless we let them be off 'twould be the worse for us ; and we began to think as how we had best be set ashore, and go down the five of us to see if we could stand by my young Lord in some strait, or give notice to my Lord Ambassador."

"God reward you !" exclaimed Lady Walwyn.

"'Twas only our duty, my Lady," gruffly answered Humfrey ; "but just as Hal had got on the quay, what should I see but Master Landry coming down the street with my young Lord on his back ! I can tell you he was well-nigh spent ; and just then half a dozen butcherly villains came out on him, bawling, 'Tu-y ! tu-y !' which it seems means 'kill, kill.' He turned about and showed them that he had got a white sleeve and white cross in his bonnet, like them, the rascals, giving them to understand that he was only going to throw the corpse into the river. I doubted him then myself ; but he caught sight of us, and in his fashion of talk with us, called out to us to help, for there was life still. So two of us took my Lord, and the other three gave the beggarly French cut-throats as good as they meant for us ; while Landry shouted to the farmer to wait, and we got aboard, and made right away down the river. But never a word has the poor young gentleman spoken, though Master Landry has done all a barber or a sick-nurse could do ; and he got us past the cities by showing the papers in my Lord's pocket, so that we got safe to the farmer's place. There we

lay till we could get a boat to Jersey, and thence again home ; and maybe my young Lord will mend now Mistress Cecily will have the handling of him."

"That is in the wisest Hands, good Humfrey," said Lord Walwyn, as the tears of feeble age flowed down his cheeks. "May He who hath brought the lad safely so far spare him yet, and raise him up. But whether he live or die, you son and daughter Thistlewood, will look that the faithfulness of Humfrey Holt and his comrades be never forgotten or unrewarded."

Humfrey again muttered something about no more than his duty ; but by this time sounds were heard betokening the approach of the melancholy procession, who, having been relieved by a relay of servants sent at once from the house, were bearing home the wounded youth. Philip first of all dashed in hurrying and stumbling. He had been unprepared by hearing Humfrey's account, and impetuous and affectionate as he was, was entirely unrestrained, and flinging himself on his knees with the half-audible words, "Oh ! Lucy ! Lucy ! he is as good as dead !" hid his face between his arms on his sister's lap, and sobbed with the abandonment of a child, and with all his youthful strength ; so much adding to the consternation and confusion that, finding all Lucy's gentle entreaties vain, his father at last roughly pulled up his face by main force, and said, "Philip, hold your tongue ! Are we to have you on our hands as well as my Lady ? I shall send you home this moment ! Let your sister go."

This threat reduced the boy to silence. Lucy, who was wanted to assist in preparing Berenger's room, disengaged herself ; but he remained in the same posture, his head buried on the seat of the chair, and the loud weeping only forcibly stifled by forcing his handkerchief into his mouth, as if he had been in violent bodily pain. Nor did he venture again to look up as the cause of all his distress was slowly carried into the hall, corpse-like, indeed. The bearers had changed several times, all but a tall, fair Norman youth, who through the whole transit had supported the head, endeavouring

to guard it from shocks. When the mother and the rest came forward, he made a gesture to conceal the face, saying in French, "Ah ! mesdames ; this is no sight for you."

Indeed the head and face were almost entirely hidden by bandages, and it was not till Berenger had been safely deposited on a large carved bed that the anxious relatives were permitted to perceive the number and extent of his hurts ; and truly it was only by the breath, the vital warmth, and the heavy moans when he was disturbed, or the dressings of the wounds were touched, that showed him still to be a living man. There proved to be no less than four wounds—a shot through the right shoulder, the right arm also broken with a terrible blow with a sword, a broad gash from the left temple to the right ear, and worse than all, "*le baiser d'Eustacie*," a bullet-wound where the muzzle of the pistol had absolutely been so close as to have burnt and blackened the cheek ; so that his life was, as Osbert averred, chiefly owing to the assassin's jealousy of his personal beauty, which had directed his shot to the cheek rather than the head ; and thus, though the bullet had terribly shattered the upper jaw and roof of the mouth, and had passed out through the back of the head, there was a hope that it had not penetrated the seat of life or reason. The other gash on the face was but a sword-wound, and though frightful to look at, was unimportant, compared with the first wound with the pistol-shot in the shoulder, with the arm broken and further injured by having served to suspend him round Osbert's neck ; but it was altogether so appalling a sight, that it was no wonder that Sir Marmaduke muttered low but deep curses on the cowardly ruffians ; while his wife wept in grief as violent, though more silent, than her step-son's, and only Cecily gathered the faintest ray of hope. The wounds had been well cared for, the arm had been set, the hair cut away, and lint and bandages applied with a skill that surprised her, till she remembered that Landry Osbert had been bred up in preparation to be Berenger's

valet, and thus to practise those minor arts of surgery then required in a superior body-servant. For his part, though his eyes looked red, and his whole person exhausted by unceasing watching, he seemed unable to relinquish the care of his master for a moment, and her nunnery French would not have persuaded him of her sufficiency as a nurse, had he not perceived her tender touch and ready skill. These were what made him consent to leave his post even for a short meal, and so soon as he had eaten he was called to Lord Walwyn to supply the further account which Humfrey had been unable to give. He had waited, he explained, with a lackey, a friend of his in the palace, till he became alarmed by the influx of armed men, wearing white crosses and shirt-sleeves on their left arms, but his friend had assured him that his master had been summoned to the royal bed-chamber, where he would be as safe as in church; and obtaining from Landry Osbert himself a perfectly true assurance of being a good Catholic, had supplied him with the badges that were needful for security. It was just then that Madame's maid crept down to his waiting place with the intelligence that her mistress had been bolted in, and after a short consultation they agreed to go and see whether M. le Baron were indeed waiting, and if he were to warn him of the suspicious state of the lower regions of the palace.

They were just in time to see, but not to prevent the attack upon their young master, and while Véronique fled, screaming, Landry Osbert, who had been thrown back on the stairs in her sudden flight, recovered himself and hastened to his master. The murderers, after their blows had been struck, had hurried along the corridor to join the body of assassins, whose work they had in effect somewhat anticipated. Landry, full of rage and despair, was resolved at least to save his foster-brother's corpse from further insult, and bore it downstairs in his arms. On the way, he perceived that life was not yet extinct, and resolving to become doubly cautious, he sought in the pocket

for the purse that had been well filled for the flight, and by the persuasive argument of gold crowns, obtained egress from the door-keeper of the postern, where Berenger hoped to have emerged in a far different manner. It was a favourable moment, for the main body of the murderers were at that time being posted in the court by the captain of the guard, ready to massacre the gentlemen of the King of Navarre's suite, and he was therefore unmolested by any claimant of the plunder of the apparent corpse he bore on his shoulders. The citizens of Paris who had been engaged in their share of the murders for more than an hour before the tragedy began in the Louvre, frequently beset him on his way to the quay, and but for the timely aid of his English comrades, he would hardly have brought off his foster-brother safely.

The pass with which King Charles had provided Berenger for himself and his followers when his elopement was first planned, enabled Osbert to carry his whole crew safely past all the stations where passports were demanded. He had much wished to procure surgical aid at Rouen, but learning from the boatmen on the river that the like bloody scenes were there being enacted, he had decided on going on to his master's English home as soon as possible, merely trusting to his own skill by the way; and though it was the slightest possible hope, yet the healthy state of the wounds, and the mere fact of life continuing, had given him some faint trust that there might be a partial recovery.

Lord Walwyn repeated his agitated thanks and praises for such devotion to his grandson.

Osbert bowed, laid his hand on his heart, and replied—"Monseigneur is good, but what say I? Monsieur le Baron is my foster-brother! Say that, and all is said in one word."

He was then dismissed, with orders to take some rest, but he obstinately refused all commands in French or English to go to bed, and was found some time after fast asleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

SWEET HEART.

"Ye hae marred a bonnier face than your ain."

Dying Words of the Bonnie Earl of Moray.

ONE room at Hurst Walwyn, though large, wainscotted, and well furnished, bore as pertinaciously the air of a cell as the appearance of Sister Cecily St. John continued like that of a nun. There was a large sunny oriel, in which a thrush sang merrily in a wicker cage; and yet the very central point and leading feature of the room was the altar-like table, covered with rich needle-work, with a carved ebony crucifix placed on it, and on the wall above, quaint and stiff, but lovely featured, delicately tinted pictures of Our Lady in the centre, and of St. Anne and St. Cecilia on either side, with skies behind of most ethereal blue, and robes tenderly trimmed with gold. A little shrine of purple spar, with a crystal front, contained a fragment of sacred bone; a silver shell contained holy water, perpetuated from some blessed by Bishop Ridley.

"With velvet bound and brodered o'er,
Her breviary book"

lay open at "Sext," and there, too, lay with its three marks at the Daily Lessons, the Bishop's Bible, and the Common Prayer beside it.

The elder Baron de Ribault had never pardoned Cecily his single glance at that table, and had seriously remonstrated with his father-in-law for permitting its existence, quoting Rachel, Achan, and Maachah. Yet he never knew of the hair-cloth smock, the discipline, the cord and sack-cloth that lay stored in the large carved awmry, and were secretly in use on every fast or vigil, not with any notion of merit, but of simple obedience, and with even deeper comprehension and enjoyment of their spiritual significance, of which, in her cloister life, she had comprehended little.

It was not she, however, who knelt with bowed head and clasped hands

No. 100.—VOL. XVII.

before the altar-table, the winter sunbeams making the shadows of the ivy sprays dance upon the deep mourning dress and pale cheek. The eyelashes were heavy with tear-drops, and veiled eyes that had not yet attained to the region of calm, like the light quivering of the lips showed that here was the beginning of the course of trial through which serenity might be won, and for ever.

By and by the latch was raised, and Cecily came forward. Lucy rose quickly to her feet, and while giving and returning a fond embrace, asked with her eyes the question that Cecily answered, "Still in the same lethargy. The only shade of sense that I have seen is an unclosing of the eyes, a wistful look whenever the door opened, and a shiver through all his frame whenever the great bell rings, till my lord forbade it to be sounded."

"That frightful bell that the men told us of," said Lucy, shuddering; "O! what a heart that murderess must have had."

"Hold, Lucy! How should we judge her, who may at this moment be weeping in desolation?"

Lucy looked up astonished. "Aunt," she said, "you have been so long shut up with him that you hardly can have heard all—how she played fast and loose, and for the sake of a mere pageant put off the flight from the time when it would have been secure even until that dreadful eve!"

"I know it," said Cecily. "I fear me much that her sin has been great; yet, Lucy, it were better to pray for her than to talk wildly against her."

"Alas!" murmured Lucy, "I could bear it and glory in it when it seemed death for the faith's sake, but," and the tears burst out, "to find he was only trapped and slain for the sake of a faithless girl—and that he should love her still."

"She is his wife," said Cecily. "Child, from my soul I grieve for you, but none the less must I, if no other will, keep before your eyes that our Berenger's faith belongs solely to her."

"You—you never would have let me forget it," said Lucy. "Indeed I am more maidenly when not alone with you! I know verily that he is loyal, and that my hatred to her is more than is meet. I will—I will pray for her, but I would that you were in your convent still, and that I could hide me there."

"That were scarce enough," said Cecily. "One sister we had who had fled to our house to hide her grief when her betrothed had wedded another. She took her sorrows for her vocation, strove to hurry on her vows, and when they were taken, she chafed and fretted under them. It was she who wrote to the commissioner the letter that led to the visitation of our house, and moreover, she was the only one of us who married."

"To her own lover?"

"No, to a brewer at Winchester! I say not that you could ever be like poor sister Bridget, but only that the cloister has no charm to still the heart—Prayer and duty can do as much without as within."

"When we deemed her worthy, I was glad of his happiness," said Lucy, thoughtfully.

"You did, my dear, and I rejoiced—Think now how grievous it must be with her, if she, as I fear she may, yielded her heart to those, who told her that to ensnare him was her duty, or, if indeed she were as much deceived as he."

"Then she will soon be comforted," said Lucy, still with some bitterness in her voice; bitterness of which she herself was perhaps conscious, for suddenly dropping on her knees, she hid her face, and cried, "O help me to pray for her, Aunt Cecily, and that I may do her wrong no more!"

And Cecily in her low conventual chant, sang, almost under her breath, the noonday Latin hymn, the words of which, long familiar to Lucy, had never as yet so come home to her.

"Quench Thou the fires of heat and strife,

The wasting fever of the heart;

From perils guard our feeble life,

And to our souls Thy help impart.

Cecily's judgment would have been

thought weakly charitable by all the rest of the family. Mr. Adderley had been forwarded by Sir Francis Walsingham like a bale of goods, and arriving in a mood of such self-reproach as would be deemed abject, by persons used to the modern relations between noblemen and their chaplains, was exhilarated by the unlooked for comfort of finding his young charge at least living, and in his grandfather's house. From his narrative, Walsingham's letters, and Osbert's account, Lord Walwyn saw no reason to doubt that the Black Ribamonts had thought the massacre a favourable moment for sweeping the only survivor of the White or elder branch away, and that not only had royalty lent itself to the cruel project, but that as Diane de Ribamont had failed as a bait, the young espoused wife had herself been employed to draw him into the snare, and secure his presence at the slaughter-house, away from his safe asylum at the Ambassador's, or even in the King's garde-robe. It was an unspeakably frightful view to take of the case, yet scarcely worse than the reality of many of the dealings of those with whom the poor young girl had been associated: certainly not worse than the crimes, the suspicion of which was resting on the last dowager Queen of France; and all that could be felt by the sorrowing family, was comfort, that at least corruption of mind had either not been part of the game, or had been unsuccessful, and by all testimony, the victim was still the same innocent boy. This was all their relief, while for days, for weeks, Berenger de Ribamont lay in a trance or torpor between life and death. Sometimes, as Cecily had said, his eyes turned with a startled wistfulness towards the door, and the sound of a bell seemed to thrill him with a start of agony; but for the most part he neither appeared to see or hear, and a few moans were the only sounds that escaped him. The Queen, in her affection for her old friend, and her strong feeling for the victims of the massacre, sent down the court physician, who turned him about, and elicited sundry heavy groans, but could do no more

than enjoin patient waiting on the beneficent powers of nature in early youth. His visit produced one benefit, namely, the strengthening of Cecily St. John's hands against the charms, elixirs and nostrums with which Lady Thistlewood's friends supplied her,—plasters from the cunning women of Lyme Regis, made of powder of giants' bones, and snakes prayed into stone by St. Aldhelm, pills of live woodlice, and fomentations of living earthworms and spiders. Great was the censure incurred by Lady Walwyn for refusing to let such remedies be tried on *her* grandson. And he was so much more her child than his mother's, that Dame Annora durst do no more than maunder.

In this perfect rest, it seemed as if after a time, "the powers of nature" did begin to rally, there were appearances of healing about the wounds, the difference between sleeping and waking became more evident, the eyes lost the painful, half-closed, vacant look, but were either shut, or opened with languid recognition. The injuries were such as to exclude him from almost every means of expression, the wound in his mouth made speech impossible, and his right arm was not available for signs. It was only the clearness of his eyes, and their response to what was said, that showed that his mind was recovering tone, and then he seemed only alive to the present, and to perceive nothing but what related to his suffering and its alleviations. The wistfulness that had shown itself at first was gone, and even when he improved enough to establish a language of signs with eye, lip or left hand, Cecily became convinced that he had little or no memory of recent occurrences, and that finding himself at home among familiar faces, his still dormant perceptions demanded no further explanation.

This blank was the most favourable state for his peace and for his recovery, and it was of long duration, lasting even till he had made so much progress that he could leave his bed, and even speak a few words, though his weakness was much prolonged by the great difficulty

with which he could take nourishment. About two winters before, Cecily had successfully nursed him through a severe attack of small pox, and she thought that he confounded his present state with the former illness, when he had had nearly the same attendants and surroundings as at present; and that his faculties were not yet roused enough to perceive the incongruity.

Once or twice he showed surprise at visits from his mother or Philip, who had then been entirely kept away from him, and about Christmas he brightened so much, and awoke to things about him so much more fully, that Cecily thought the time of recollection could not be much longer deferred. Any noise, however, seemed so painful to him, that the Christmas festivities were held at Combe Manor instead of Hurst Walwyn; only after church, Sir Marmaduke and Lady Thistlewood came in to make him a visit, as he sat in a large easy-chair by his bedroom-fire, resting after having gone through as much of the rites of the day as he was able for, with Mr. Adderley. The room looked very cheerful with the bright wood-fire on the open hearth, shining on the gay tapestry hangings, and the dark wood of the carved bed. The evergreen-decked window shimmered with sunshine, and even the patient, leaning back among crimson cushions, though his face and head were ghastly enough wherever they were not covered with patches and bandages, still had a pleasant smile with lip and eye to thank his stepfather for his cheery wishes of "a merry Christmas, at least one better in health."

"I did not bring the little venches, Berenger, lest they should weary you," said his mother.

Berenger looked alarmed, and said with the indistinctness with which he always spoke, "Have they caught it? Are they marked?"

"No, no, not like you, my boy," said Sir Marmaduke, sufficiently aware of Berenger's belief to be glad to keep it up, and yet obliged to walk to the window to hide his diversion at the notion of his little girls catching the

contagion of sword gashes and bullet-wounds. Dame Annora prattled on, "But they have sent you their Christmas gifts by me, poor children, they have long been busied with them, and I fancy Lucy did half herself. See this kerchief is hemmed by little Dolly, and here are a pair of bands and cuffs to match, that Nanny and Bessy have been brodering with their choicest stitchery."

Berenger smiled, took, expressed admiration by gesture, and then said in a dreamy, uncertain manner, "Methought I had some gifts for them;" then looking round the room, his eye fell on a small brass-bound casket which had travelled with him to hold his valuables; he pointed to it with a pleased look, as Sir Marmaduke lifted it and placed it on a chair by his side. The key, a small ornamental brass one, was in his purse, not far off, and Lady Thistlewood was full of exceeding satisfaction at the unpacking not only of foreign gifts, but as she hoped, of the pearls; Cecily meantime stole quietly in, to watch that her patient was not over-wearied.

He was resuming the use of his right arm, though it was still weak and stiff, and he evidently had an instinct against letting any one deal with that box but himself; he tried himself to unlock it, and though forced to leave this to Sir Marmaduke, still leant over it when opened, as if to prevent his mother's curious glances from penetrating its recesses, and allowed no hands near it but his own. He first brought out a pretty feather fan, saying as he held it to his mother; "For Nan, I promised it. It was bought at the Halles," he added, more dreamily.

Then again he dived, and brought out a wax medallion of Our Lady guarded by angels, and made the sign that always brought Cecily to him. He held it up to her with a puzzled smile, saying, "They thought me a mere Papist for buying it—M. de Teligny, I think it was."

They had heard how the good and beloved Teligny had been shot down on the roof of his father-in-law's house, by

rabid assassins, strangers to his person, when all who knew him had spared him, from love to his gentle nature; and the name gave a strange thrill.

He muttered something about "Pedlar,—Montpipeau,"—and still continued. Then came a small silver casket, diffusing an odour of attar of roses—he leant back in his chair—and his mother would have taken it from him, supposing him overcome by the scent, but he held it fast and shook his head, saying, "For Lucy,—but she must give it herself. She gave up any gift for herself for it—she said we needed no love-tokens." And he closed his eyes. Dame Annora plunged into the unpacking, and brought out a pocket-mirror with enamelled cupids in the corners, addressed to herself; and then came upon Berenger's own.

Again came a fringed pair of gloves among the personal jewellery such as gentlemen were wont to wear, the rings, clasps and brooches he had carried from home. Dame Annora's impatience at last found vent in the exclamation, "The pearls, son; I do not see the chaplet of pearls."

"She had them," answered Berenger, in a matter-of-fact tone, "to wear at the masque."

"She——"

Sir Marmaduke's great hand choked, as it were, the query on his wife's lips, unseen by her son, who, as if the words had touched some chord, was more eagerly seeking in the box, and presently drew out a bow of carnation ribbon with a small piece of paper full of pin-holes attached to it. At once he carried it to his lips, kissed it fervently, and then, sinking back in his chair, seemed to be trying to gather up the memory that had prompted the impulse, knitted his brows together, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Where is she?"

His mother tried the last antecedent. "Lucy? she shall come and thank you to-morrow."

He shook his head with a vehement negative, beckoned Cecily impatiently, and said earnestly, "Is it the contagion? Is she sick? I will go to her."

Cecily and Sir Marmaduke both replied with a "No, no!" and were thankful, though in much suspense at the momentary pause, while again he leant back on the cushions, looked steadily at the pin-holes, that formed themselves into the word "Sweet heart," then suddenly began to draw up the loose sleeve of his wrapping-gown, and unbutton the wristband of his right sleeve. His mother tried to help him, asking if he had hurt or tired his arm. They would have been almost glad to hear that it was so, but he shook her off impatiently, and the next moment had a view of the freshly skinned over, but still wide and gaping gash on his arm. He looked for a brief space, and said, "It is a sword-cut."

"Truly it is, lad," said Sir Marmaduke, "and a very bad one, happily whole! Is this the first time you have seen it?"

He did not answer, but covered his eyes with his hand, and presently burst out again, "Then it is no dream? Sir—Have I been to France?"

"Yes, my son, you have," said Sir Marmaduke, gently and with more tenderness than could have been looked for; "but what passed there is much better viewed as a dream, and cast behind your back."

Berenger had, while he spoke, taken up the same little mirror where he had once admired himself; and as he beheld the scar and plaster that disfigured his face, with a fresh start of recollection, muttered over, "*Barbouiller ce chien de visage*"—aye, so he said. I felt the pistol's muzzle touch! Narcisse! Has God had mercy on me? I prayed Him. 'Ah! *le baiser d'Eustacie*'—so he said. I was waiting in the dark. Why did he come instead of her? Oh! father, where is she?"

It was a sore task, but Sir Marmaduke went bravely and bluntly, though far from unkindly, to the point: "She remains with her friends in France."

There the youth's look of utter horror and misery shocked and startled them all, and he groaned rather than said, "Left there! Left to them! What have I done to leave her there?"

"Come, Berenger, this will not serve," said his mother, trying to rouse and cheer him. "You should rather be thankful that when you had been so foully ensnared by their wiles, good Osbert brought you off with your life away from those bloody doings. Yes, you may thank Heaven and Osbert, for you are the only one of them living now."

"Of whom, mother?"

"Of all the poor Protestants that like you were deluded by the pack of murderers over there." "What,"—fancying it would exhilarate him to hear of his own escape—"you knew not that the bloody Guise and the Paris cut-throats rose and slew every Huguenot they could lay hands on? Why, did not the false wench put off your foolish runaway project for the very purpose of getting you into the trap on the night of the massacre?"

He looked with a piteous, appealing glance from her to Cecily and Sir Marmaduke, as if in hopes that they would contradict.

"Too true, my lad," said Sir Marmaduke. "It is Heaven's good mercy that Osbert carried you out alive. No other Protestant left the palace alive but the King of Navarre and his cousin, who turned renegades."

"And she is left there?" he repeated.

"Heed her not, my dear boy," began his mother; "you are safe, and must forget her ill-faith and——"

Berenger seemed scarcely to hear this speech—he held out his hands as if stunned and dizzied, and only said, or rather indicated, "Let me lie down."

His step-father almost carried him across the room, and laid him on his bed, where he turned away from the light and shut his eyes; but the knot of ribbon and the pin-pricked word was still in his hand, and his mother longed to take away the token of this false love, as she believed it. The great clock struck the hour for her to go. "Leave him quiet," said Cecily, gently; "he can bear no more now. I will send over in the evening to let you know how he fares."

"But that he should be so set on the little bloodthirsty baggage," sighed Lady Thistlewood ; and then going up to her son, she poured out her explanation of being unable to stay, as her parents were already at the Manor, with no better entertainers than Lucy, Philip, and the children. She thanked him for the gifts, which she would take to them with his love. All this passed by him as though he heard it not, but when leaning down she kissed his forehead, and at the same time tried to withdraw the knot of ribbon, his fingers closed on it with a grasp like steel, so cold were they, yet so fast.

Sir Marmaduke lingered a few moments behind her, and Berenger opening his eyes, as if to see whether solitude had been achieved, found the kind-hearted knight gazing at him with eyes full of tears. "Berry, my lad," he said, "bear it like a man. I know how hard it is. There's not a woman of them all that an honest, plain Englishman has a chance with, when a smooth-tongued Frenchman comes round her ! But a man may live a true and honest life however sore his heart may be, and God Almighty makes it up to him if he faces it out manfully."

Good Sir Marmaduke in his sympathy had utterly forgotten both Berenger's French blood, and that he was the son of the very smooth-tongued interloper who had robbed his life of its first bloom. Berenger was altogether unequal to do more than murmur, as he held out his hand in response to the kindness, "You do not know her."

"Ah ! poor lad." Sir Marmaduke shook his head and left him to Cecily.

After the first shock, Berenger never rested till he had made Osbert, Mr. Adderley, and Cecily tell him all they knew, and asked by name after those whom he had known best at Paris. Alas ! of all those, save such as had been in the Ambassador's house, there was but one account to give. Venerable warrior, noble-hearted youth, devoted pastor, all alike had perished !

This frightful part of the story was altogether new to him. He had been probably the earliest victim in the

Louvre, as being the special object of private malice, which had contrived to involve him in the general catastrophe ; and his own recollections carried him only to the flitting of lights and ringing of bells, that had made him imagine that an alarm of fire would afford a good opportunity of escape, if *she* would but come. A cloaked figure had approached, —he had held out his arms—met that deadly stroke—heard the words hissed in his ear.

He owned that for some time past strange recollections had been flitting through his mind—a perpetual unsatisfied longing for, and expectation of his wife, and confused impressions of scenes and people that harrassed him perpetually, even when he could not discern between dreams and reality ; but knowing that he had been very ill, he had endeavoured to account for everything as delirious fancies, but had become increasingly distressed by their vividness, confusion, and want of outward confirmation. At last these solid tokens and pledges from that time had brought certainty back, and with it the harmony and clearness of his memory : and the strong affection, that even his oblivion had not extinguished, now recurred in all its warmth to its object.

Four months had passed, as he now discovered, since that night when he had hoped to have met Eustacie, and she must be believing him dead. His first measure on the following day when he had been dressed and seated in his chair was to send for his casket, and with his slow stiff arm, write thus :—

"MON CŒUR, MY OWN SWEETHEART,—
Hast thou thought me dead, and thyself deserted ? Osbert will tell thee all, and why I can scarce write. Trust thyself to him to bring to me. I shall be whole seeing thee. Or if thou canst not come with him, write or send me the least token by him, and I will come and bear thee home so soon as I can put foot in stirrup. Would that I could write all that is in my heart !

"THY HUSBAND."

It was all that either head or hand would enable him to say, but he had the fullest confidence in Landry Osbert, who was one of the few who understood him at half a word. He desired Osbert to seek the lady out wherever she might be, whether still at court or in a convent, convey the letter to her if possible, and if she could by any means escape, obtain from Château Leurre such an escort as she could come to England with. If, as was too much to be feared, she was under too close restraint, Osbert should send intelligence home, as he could readily do through the Ambassador's household, and Berenger trusted by that time to be able to take measures for claiming her in person.

Osbert readily undertook everything, but supplies for his journey were needed, and there was an absolute commotion in the house when it was known that Berenger had been writing to his faithless spouse, and wishing to send for her. Lord Walwyn came up to visit his grandson, and explain to him with much pity and consideration that he considered such a step as vain, and only likely to lead to further insult. Berenger's respect forced him to listen without interruption, and though he panted to answer, it was a matter of much difficulty, for the old lord was becoming deaf, and could not catch the indistinct, agitated words—

"My lord, she is innocent as day."

"Ah! Amen, boy."

"I pledge my life on her love and innocence."

"Love! yes, my poor boy; but if she be unworthy? Eh? Cecily, what says he?"

"He is sure of her innocence, sir."

"That is of course. But, my dear lad, you will soon learn that even a gentle, good woman who has a conscience-keeper, is too apt to think her very sense of right ought to be sacrificed to what she calls her religion.—What is it, what is he telling you, Cecily?"

"She was ready to be one of us," Berenger said, with a great effort to make it clear.

"Ah, a further snare. Poor child. The very softest of them become the worst deceivers, and the kindred who have had the charge of her all their life could no doubt bend her will."

"Sir," said Berenger, finding argument impossible, "if you will but let me despatch Osbert, her answer will prove to you what she is."

"There is something in that," said Lord Walwyn, when he had heard it repeated by Cecily. "It is, of course, needful that both she and her relations should be aware of Berenger's life, and I trow nothing but the reply will convince him."

"Convince him!" muttered Berenger. "O that I could make him understand. What a wretch I am to have no voice to defend her!"

"What?" said the old lord again.

"Only that I could speak, sir; you should know why it is sacrilege to doubt her."

"Ah! well, we will not wound you, my son, while talk is vain. You shall have the means of sending your groom, if thus you will set your mind at rest, though I had rather have trusted to Walsingham's dealing. I will myself give him a letter to Sir Francis, to forward him on his way; and should the young lady prove willing to hold to her contract and come to you here, I will pray him to do everything to aid her that may be consistent with his duty in his post."

This was a great and wonderful concession for Lord Walwyn, and Berenger was forced to be contented with it, though it galled him terribly to have Eustacie distrusted, and be unable to make his vindication even heard or understood, as well as to be forced to leave her rescue, and even his own explanation to her, to a mere servant.

This revival of his memory had not at all conduced to his progress in recovery. His brain was in no state for excitement or agitation, and pain and confusion were the consequence, and were counteracted, after the practice of the time, by profuse bleedings, which prolonged his weakness. The splintered

state of the jaw and roof of the mouth likewise produced effects that made him suffer severely, and deprived him at times even of the small power of speech that he usually possessed ; and though he had set his heart upon being able to start for Paris so soon as Osbert's answer should arrive, each little imprudence he committed in order to convince himself of his progress, threw him back so seriously, that he was barely able to walk downstairs to the hall, and sit watching—watching, so that it was piteous to see him—the gates of the courtyard, by the time, that on a cold March day, a booted and spurred courier (not Osbert) enter by them.

He sprang up, and faster than he had yet attempted to move, met the man in the hall, and demanded the packet. It was a large one, done up in canvas, and addressed to the Right Honourable and Worshipful Sir William, Baron Walwyn of Hurst Walwyn, and he had further to endure the delay of carrying it to his grandfather's library, which he entered with far less delay and ceremony than was his wont. "Sit down, Berenger," said the old man, while addressing himself to the fastenings ; and the permission was needed, for he could hardly have stood another minute. The covering contained a letter to Lord Walwyn himself, and a packet addressed to the Baron de Ribaumont, which his trembling fingers could scarcely succeed in cutting and tearing open.

How shall it be told what the contents of the packet were ? Lord Walwyn reading on with much concern, but little surprise, was nevertheless startled by the fierce shout with which Berenger broke out :

"A lie ! a lie forged in hell." And then seizing the parchment, was about to rend it with all the force of passion, when his grandfather, seizing his hand, said, in his calm authoritative voice, "Patience, my poor son."

"How, how should I have patience when they send me such poisoned lies as these of my wife, and she is in the power of the villains. Grandfather, I must go instantly—"

"Let me know what you have heard," said Lord Walwyn, holding him feebly indeed, but with all the impressive power and gravity of his years.

"Falsehoods," said Berenger, pushing the whole mass of papers over to him, and then hiding his head between his arms on the table.

Lord Walwyn finished his own letter first. Walsingham wrote with much kind compassion, but quite decisively. He had no doubt that the Ribaumont family had acted as one wheel in the great plot that had destroyed all the heads of Protestant families and swept away among others, as they had hoped, the only scion of the rival house. The old Chevalier de Ribaumont had, he said, begun by expressing sorrow for the mischance that had exposed his brave young cousin to be lost in the general catastrophe, and he had professed proportionate satisfaction on hearing of the young man's safety. But the Ambassador believed him to have been privy to his son's designs ; and whether *Mlle. de Nid-de-Merle* herself had been a willing agent or not, she certainly had remained in the hands of the family. The decree annulling the marriage had been published, the Lady was in a convent in Anjou, and *Narcisse de Ribaumont* had just been permitted to assume the title of *Marquis de Nid-de-Merle*, and was gone into Anjou to espouse her. Sir Francis added a message of commiseration for the young Baron, but could not help congratulating his old friend on having his grandson safe and free from these inconvenient ties.

Berenger's own packet contained in the first place, a copy of the cassation of the marriage, on the ground of its having been contracted when the parties were of too tender age to give their legal consent, and its having been unsatisfied since they had reached ecclesiastical years for lawful contraction of wedlock.

The second was one of the old Chevalier's polite productions. He was perfectly able to ignore Berenger's revocation of his application for the separation, since the first letter had remained

unanswered, and the King's peremptory commands had prevented Berenger from taking any open measures after his return from Montpieu. Thus the old gentleman, after expressing due rejoicing at his dear young cousin's recovery, and regret at the unfortunate mischance that had led to his being confounded with the many suspected Huguenots, proceeded as if matters stood exactly as they had been before the pall-mall party, and as if the decree that he inclosed were obtained in accordance with the young Baron's intentions. He had caused it to be duly registered, and both parties were at liberty to enter upon other contracts of matrimony. The further arrangements which Berenger had undertaken to sell his lands in Normandy, and his claim on the ancestral castle in Picardy, should be carried out, and deeds sent for his signature so soon as he should be of age. In the mean time, the Chevalier courteously imparted to his fair cousin the marriage of his daughter, Mademoiselle Diane de Ribamont with M. le Comte de Selinville, which had taken place on the last St. Martin's day, and of his niece, Mdlle. Eustacie de Ribamont de Nid-de-Merle with his son, who had received permission to take her father's title of Marquis de Nid-de-Merle. The wedding was to take place at Bellaise before the end of the Carnival, and would be concluded before this letter came to hand.

Lastly, there was an ill-written and spelt letter, running somewhat thus—

"MONSIEUR,—Your faithful servant hopes that Monsieur le Baron will forgive him for not returning, since I have been assured by good priests that it is not possible to save my soul in a country of heretics. I have done everything as Monsieur commanded, I have gone down into Anjou, and have had the honour to see the young lady to whom Monsieur le Baron charged me with a commission, and I delivered to her his letter, whereupon the lady replied that she thanked M. le Baron for the honour he had done her, but that being on the point of marriage to M. le Marquis de Nid-de-Merle, she did

not deem it fitting to write to him, nor had she any tokens to send him, save what he had received on the St. Barthélemy midnight; they might further his suit elsewhere. These, Monsieur, were her words, and she laughed as she said them, so gaily that I thought her fairer than ever. I have prevailed with her to take me into her service as intendant of the Chateau de Nid-de-Merle, knowing as she does, my fidelity to the name of Ribamont. And so, trusting Monseigneur will pardon me for what I do solely for the good of my soul, I will ever pray for his welfare, and remain,

"His faithful menial and valet,

"LANDRY OSBERT."

The result was only what Lord Walwyn had anticipated, but he was nevertheless shocked at the crushing weight of the blow. His heart was full of compassion for the youth so cruelly treated in these his first years of life, and as much torn in his affections as mangled in person. After a pause, while he gathered up the sense of the letters, he laid his hand kindly on his grandson's arm and said, "This is a woeful budget, my poor son; we will do our best to help you bear it."

"The only way to bear it," said Berenger, lifting up his face, "is for me to take horse and make for Anjou instantly. She will hold out bravely, and I may yet save her."

"Madness," said his grandfather, "you have then not read your fellow's letter."

"I read no letter from fellow of mine. Yonder is a vile forgery. Narcisse's own most likely. No one else would have so profaned her as to put such words into her mouth! My dear faithful foster-brother—have they murdered him?"

"Can you point to any proof that it is forged?" said Lord Walwyn, aware that handwriting was too difficult an art, and far too crabbed, among persons of Osbert's class, for there to be any individuality of penmanship.

"It is all forged," said Berenger. "It is as false that she could frame such a

message as that poor Osbert would leave me."

"These priests have much power over the conscience," began Lord Walwyn; but Berenger, interrupting his grandfather for the first time in his life, cried, "No priest could change her whole nature. Oh! my wife! my darling! what may they not be inflicting on her now! Sir, I must go. She may be saved! The deadly sin may be prevented!"

"This is mere raving, Berenger," said Lord Walwyn; not catching half what he said, and understanding little more than his resolution to hasten in quest of the lady. "You, who have not mounted a horse, nor walked across the pleasaunce yet!"

"My limbs should serve me to rescue her, or they are worth nothing to me."

Lord Walwyn would have argued that he need not regret his incapacity to move, since it was no doubt already too late, but Berenger burst forth—"She will resist; she will resist to the utmost, even if she deems me dead. Tortures will not shake her when she knows I live. I must prepare." And he started to his feet.

"Grandson," said Lord Walwyn, laying a hand on his arm, "listen to me. You are in no state to judge for yourself. I therefore command you to desist from this mad purpose."

He spoke gravely, but Berenger was disobedient for the first time. "My Lord," he said, "you are but my grandfather. She is my wife. My duty is to her."

He had plucked his sleeve away and was gone, before Lord Walwyn had been able to reason with him that there was

no wife in the case, a conclusion at which the old statesman would not have arrived had he known of the ceremony at Montpipeau, and all that had there passed; but not only did Berenger deem himself bound to respect the King's secret, but conversation was so difficult to him that he had told very little of his adventures, and less to Lord Walwyn than any one else. In effect, his grandfather considered this resolution of going to France as mere frenzy, and so it almost was, not only on the score of health and danger, but because as a ward, he was still so entirely under subjection, that his journey could have been hindered by absolutely forcible detention; and to this Lord Walwyn intended to resort, unless the poor youth either came to a more rational mind, or became absolutely unable to travel.

The last—as he had apprehended—came to pass only too surely. The very attempt to argue, and to defend Eustacie was too much for the injured head; and long before night, Berenger fully believed himself on the journey, acted over its incidents, and struggled wildly with difficulties, all the time lying on his bed, with the old servants holding him down, and Cecily listening tearfully to his ravings.

For weeks longer he was to lie there in greater danger than ever. He only seemed soothed into quiet when Cecily chanted those old Latin hymns of her Benedictine rule, and then—when he could speak at all—he showed himself to be in imagination praying in Eustacie's convent chapel, sure to speak to her when the service should be over.

To be continued.

A COLLOQUY IN GREYFRIARS.

BY THE ORGANIST TO THE FRATERNITY.

My room at Greyfriars, now only an occasional refuge in the intervals of duty, is but one of a suite, occupied by a long series of my predecessors. A portion of this still remains unappropriated and unrepaired,—dark, dirty and dilapidated; its sole furniture old and empty boxes, its sole tenants rats and spiders. But the organist's room (my room) wears at this epoch a very different appearance. Occupying a portion of the north side of a large quadrangle, it has the advantage of a southern aspect. It has not long since undergone restoration; and its walls, panelled to the height of some five feet, and continued to the cornice with a polychromatic paper, make it, in spite of its sparse furniture, anything but a cheerless abiding-place. The mullioned window, like too many of its tribe in Greyfriars, was replaced some time about the beginning of the last century by one of those amazing three-light openings, with lintels hidden under segmental arches, and embrasures filled up with segmental jambs, so much in favour in the days of the first Georges. The stove, whatever its original form, has been replaced by probably a more efficient though a less picturesque one; but the room is in its essentials what it was when the first organist of Greyfriars took possession of it in 1626, and was displaced by an order of the House of Commons seventeen years afterwards. To the carpet, table and chairs, examples of the useful arts, and the property of "The House," I have added two or three specimens of the decorative and fine arts—a small piano-forte and portraits of *two* of my predecessors. I would willingly add to the number of these, which I hope to leave for the contemplation of my successors; but although two or three other organists of Greyfriars have been men of mark, "famous men, such as

found out musical tunes," I have as yet been unsuccessful in obtaining their effigies. "Le beau," says the greatest of living French poets, "*est plus utile que l'utile.*" The lives of our predecessors—especially of our predecessors in office or calling—are an encouragement or a warning every time they are brought to our recollection; and they are never brought to it so vividly as by their effigies. Canvas and marble—the brush and the chisel—are the only efficient instruments of fame; her trumpet too often gives but a timorous and uncertain sound. Seeing—not hearing—is believing; and the head which has not been perpetuated on canvas or in marble, is rarely deemed worthy of the laurel crown.

And besides that realisation of the illustrious dead which can only be brought to us by portraiture—that absolute certainty that he of whom we have read and heard, whose name is connected with great and good works of whatever kind, was not an abstraction or an idea, but a man, though greater and better than his fellows; besides this, we are brought by portraiture into that close contact, that familiarity which does *not* breed contempt, which no other artifice or process can help us to. True, the words of great writers still speak to us, nor are the deeds of great doers ineloquent. But what can we say to *them*? Whereas, in their effigies we have the men themselves who said and did these words and deeds, as full of sympathy and love, aye, and willingness to answer and to help, as we are of eagerness to inquire, and need of assistance. A portrait is not merely a face; it is a voice; and to him who knows how to wake it, an instrument of great compass and power, able, under a skilful and loving hand, to "discourse most excellent music."

A ghost, as everybody who has seen one must know very well, never speaks till he has been spoken to; neither does a portrait." No doubt if you even look at it long enough, you will become conscious of a latent mobility about the mouth which tells of possible, nay, of imminent utterance; but without the sympathetic word, ghost and portrait remain alike speechless.

One of my two portraits, an engraving after Hudson—not a great painter himself, but in some degree the cause of great painting in other men, for Reynolds was his pupil—represents a man, a little past middle life, the natural homeliness of whose features has been refined by intellectual exercise, long brought to bear on some elevated pursuit. His mouth, firm almost to severity, redeems a nose of insignificant proportion and mean outline. His brow is rather remarkable for breadth than elevation, and his somewhat full eye is partially closed at the outer extremity by that heavy, overlapping eyelid, which is the all-but infallible indication of a great aptitude for language or music. He wears an academic gown and (the only indication of his epoch) a full-bottomed though somewhat naturalistic peruke. A well-formed hand, set off by ruffles, shows, in its somewhat ostentatious elevation, that the possessor was not at all unconscious of that physical advantage. The background is made up of the impossible curtain of the period, a few shelves loaded with folios, and a page of music floating apparently unsupported, in the front of them. Underneath is written—

"Johannes Christopherus Pepusch,
Mus. Doc. Oxon."

I have not long been the possessor of this effigy of my venerated predecessor, whose reputation as a theorist (to say nothing of his doctor's gown and full-bottomed wig) was of a kind to protect him from thoughtless interpellation or unauthorized intrusion. How much of their dignity these old gentlemen owed to their wigs and gowns, I cannot say; but somehow it seems as though it

would have been difficult to slap one of them on the back and call him "old fellow."

I had never yet ventured to address my esteemed and somewhat formidable predecessor; but as I sat, not many days since, basking in the rays of a glorious fire (the Greyfriars are choice in their coals), my feet on the fender, and my head at that precise angle, which brought the Doctor, who occupies the place of honour over the chimney-piece, within my range of vision, I thought I caught an indication in the region of the mouth of a desire to speak,—a desire reasonable enough in itself, seeing that the respected Doctor, not remarkable in his own day for reticence, had expressed no opinion on men or things—certainly no opinion that has been recorded—for a century and a quarter.

Doctor Pepusch, as I have said, or implied, is a formidable, indeed a portentous figure, as presented to us by Hudson. I hesitated a minute or two to break a silence so complete and so long continued, as that which he had maintained. Yet such an opportunity might not soon come again. Fortune favours the bold, thought I; and one should not let a good chance go by for fear of a rap on the knuckles. Besides, an introduction is out of the question. My old friend and master, and immediate predecessor, whose effigy hangs near that of the Doctor, had not entered on this world of ours when *he* quitted it. I'll speak!

"Doctor," said I, in a tone of voice which I meant to be respectful, yet not formal—a tone rather suggestive of the continuance of some former conversation than of the commencement of a new one—which I hold to be the polite way of dealing with gentlemen in the Doctor's position, who must like to have it assumed, I think, that they are not unpractised in the ways even of our world;—"Doctor," said I, "I suspect you had very little to do directly with a certain '*Short Treatise on Harmony*' I had in my hand the other day, and which the booksellers pretend you wrote."

"Little indeed, sir," replied the Doc-

tor, without a moment's hesitation; "nothing indeed, with the first edition. My Lord Paisley, who was my pupil some time, and whose memory of words (with respect be it spoken) surpassed his comprehension of things, put together some of the rules I had given him, and printed them; and the world gave me the credit of the result. This was provoking enough: for at that time I *had* in contemplation a treatise—not necessarily a short one—which would have made the scales fall from the eyes of my deluded contemporaries; a treatise in which I should have proved to demonstration that, if not led by their noses, they had been led by their ears, by certain persons who shall be nameless; that the world had heretofore been altogether unsuccessful in recovering even the musical declamation, far less the music, of the ancients; that modern melody was altogether wanting in rhythmus, and that modern harmony was a cacophony unworthy of a civilized and polished age, and fit only for the audition and delectation of barbarians, the coarseness of whose organization incapacitated them from appreciating or enjoying the true beauties of the divine art!"

The flood-gates of Pepuschan speech having been long closed, I was not unprepared for the torrent consequent on their opening. Nevertheless, the doctor's exordium, obviously a quotation from a manuscript, perhaps even an undelivered, lecture, fairly took my breath away. In a few minutes more, thought I, these waters will close over me. Colloquy with this sage is out of the question. Like a more recent philosopher, he is evidently more given to monologue than dialogue. Doubtless, however, from long disuse of the organs of voice, the Doctor's exordium brought on so violent a fit of coughing, that I began to fear that not even dialogue would be within his physical capabilities, and that our expected colloquy had come to an end before it had fairly begun. A garrulous man is never less inclined to listen than while he himself is physically incapacitated from

speaking. So I held my tongue patiently till the Doctor showed signs of renewed vigour, and an intention to bring it to bear on a second oration; resolving, however, if it threatened to be of the same quality as the first, to try and give it another direction.

"No man, sir," resumed the Doctor, at a slightly gentler pace, and in a somewhat lower key, "no man, sir, can read the treatises of Aristoxenus, Euclid, Nicomachus, Alypius, Gaudentius, Bacchius, and Aristides Quintilianus (so diligently collated and so learnedly expounded by Marcus Meibomius) without being driven to the conclusion that, could a specimen of the music of the ancients (that is, of course, of the Greeks) be effectively reproduced, in immediate succession with one of our time, the latter would, by the common consent of all competent judges, be pronounced miserably inferior—altogether wanting, indeed, in all the best qualities of the art."

"Did not Meibomius himself try the experiment?" said I, "and that with a result not altogether justifying your last remark?"

"Ahem! Why, yes; something of the kind *did* happen; but the circumstances were not favourable. The experiment was decidedly an unfair one, and must go for nothing."

"I have really forgotten what the circumstances were," said I, "and should much like to be made acquainted with them, especially from the lips of an all but contemporary, if I am not out in my chronology."

"Not altogether, sir. I remember Meibomius, though only as an old man. He had his faults, like most of us, and his small vanities. Let them bide. The story is hardly worth telling. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

"But indeed, Doctor," said I, a little more pertinaciously than good manners might justify, "I should much like to hear your account of the matter, especially as I now recall—"

"Well, sir, then if you must have—it, Meibomius, late in life, took up his abode in Stockholm, where, being a

good deal about the court, he succeeded in impressing his views respecting the music of the ancients on her Majesty Queen Christina—a woman of great force of character, and gifted with an understanding which might be called masculine.”

“A little too masculine some people have thought, Doctor.”

“Possibly. So much the better for my argument. Her Majesty would be the less likely to take anything in hand without due consideration. Under her auspices, Meibomius organized a musical performance after the manner of the ancients.”

“A musical performance after the manner of the ancients!” exclaimed I. “My dear Doctor, had a certain *dinner*, after the manner of the ancients, been given in your time? or was Peregrine Pickle yet unborn when you left us?”

“I just remember something of the kind—a *jeu d’esprit* hardly consistent with the gravity of Dr. Smollett’s title and profession. Besides, sir, *his* ‘ancients’ were Romans—the mere apes, in matters of art, of the Greeks, the ‘ancients’ of Meibomius. On an appointed day, attended by a number of musicians whom he had trained to the use of the lyre, the tibicen, the trigonon, the sistrum, and other instruments, revived for the occasion, Meibomius made his appearance before the Queen and her assembled courtiers. All would doubtless have gone well. The Phrygian mode could not have failed in its effect on the dulllest ear, and the true Enharmonic must have stirred to its depths the most insensible nature.”

“But did they?”

“Alas! no. Meibomius *would* sing; and even the Phrygian mode, from *his* mouth, was unendurable. The audience, whose gravity was for a short time maintained by the force of court etiquette, soon threw aside all restraint; and strains which had once roused an Athenian audience to enthusiasm were drowned in laughter uncontrollable and uncontrolled. Poor Meibomius, whose vocalization had interrupted this interesting experiment, naturally lost his temper,

and espying a monkey of a Frenchman—a certain Bourdelot, a physician who dabbled in music, and who had somehow affronted him—joining in the laughing chorus, he rushed upon him, and forgetful of place, occasion, and the presence of Her Majesty, struck him a violent blow. I need hardly say that his stay in Stockholm after this was of the shortest. He resided for a time at Copenhagen, and subsequently at Amsterdam, where, after two or three more migrations, he died at a very-advanced age.”

“Did he give any more performances after the manner of the ancients?” asked I meekly.

“Not that I ever heard of,” said the Doctor sharply.

“May I ask, Doctor, whether *you* ever brought any of your own theories on this important matter to the test of experiment?”

“Why, no, sir. Like Meibomius, I had no voice. And unlike Meibomius, I knew it. And I must confess I was never successful in impressing my convictions on others whose physical powers might have enabled them to prove their truth to the world.”

“Madame Margarita,¹ I should have thought, might have lent you a hand, or rather a voice, in this matter. Mahomet’s wife believed in *his* mission when he had not another disciple.”

“Mahomet was an impostor, which is quite enough to account for any number of wives believing in him,” replied the Doctor testily. “Mrs. Pepusch was as averse to singing, as you or I to dining, after the manner of the ancients. She would have none of them. To the last she wasted her transcendent powers on the opera airs of Attilio, Bononcini, Hasse, Handel, and others who basked in the transient sunshine of popular favour.”

“I beg pardon, Doctor; but I think I could not have caught the last name you mentioned aright.”

“Perhaps you never heard of him.

¹ Francesca Margarita de l’Epine, an eminent singer whom, after her retirement from the stage, Dr. Pepusch married.

He is doubtless forgotten, like the rest. Handel—George Frederic Handel. I remember his first coming here, a huge overgrown fellow, more like a porter than a musician; with a brilliant finger for the harpsichord though, and a facility of composition perfectly appalling. Telemann¹ was nothing to him. Why, sir, he concocted the first opera he produced in this country in three weeks! And so with the rest, some forty or so. What has become of them? Are they ever played now?"

"Never. But times change, and styles with them. It would not seem, however, that Handel's rapidity of composition had much to do with the permanent favour of his works. *Israel in Egypt*, if I remember rightly, took hardly more time in making than *Rinaldo*; and that is certainly not forgotten yet. Indeed, I think it must be more in favour in our day than it was in the composer's."

"*Israel in Egypt*, what's that? O, I remember. He brought it out first as *The Exodus*, or under some such name. Somebody told me there were good things in it,—not all his own though; not all his own. But I was absorbed at that time in more important matters, working hard at the genera and systems of the Greeks, whose music, depend upon it—"

"Never mind the Greeks, Doctor; let us keep to the Saxons. At one time, I suppose, you saw a good deal of Mr. Handel."

"Certainly, a good deal; more than was quite pleasant. He had strong opinions and a strong voice. He took not the smallest interest in any of the great musical questions to which, since the revival of letters, the learned of all nations have attached such high importance; questions which, as I have shown in my paper, No. 481 of the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, Isaac Vossius—"

¹ George Philip Telemann (1681—1767), of whom it used to be said, "he could write a piece of church music of eight parts as easily as another would write a letter." And who himself said that before a man could call himself a "musician" he ought to be able to set the placards in the streets.

"I beg pardon for interrupting you again; but I fear if Isaac Vossius is brought on the *tapis*, we may lose sight of Mr. Handel, of whom you were speaking so much to the purpose. Isaac Vossius has wanted an interpreter any time this two hundred years, and the world still turns on its axis. Let him wait a little longer. You were, I think, when I ventured to interrupt you, saying that Mr. Handel had a strong voice."

"Very; in argument especially; and, as we differed a good deal, I had frequent occasion to measure its intensity. To say the truth, Mr. Handel was not a pleasant person to have to do with, at least, when I first made his acquaintance. He improved later in life; but as a young man he was simply insufferable, altogether absorbed in self-contemplation."

A failing that age does not always rid a man of, thought I. "Handel, however, you must admit, Doctor, if the chronicles of your day are to be relied on, had his temper rather severely tried during a good many years of his life. A man who brings into this Vanity Fair of ours very capital goods for sale, and sees crowds coming out of the opposite booth, laden with what he knows to be rubbish, needs a good deal of self-esteem to keep up his courage. And really, Handel *had* a good deal to complain of. The aristocracy of your day treated him shamefully."

"Possibly. Self-esteem is a valuable thing in its way; so valuable that a man will do well to keep it under lock and key for fear he should be robbed of it. Mr. H., sir (I should not wish this to go further), had a way of his own of estimating, not only himself, but others. The truth, even when we have it—and that is not always—is not to be spoken at all times. A man of genius may be excused calling the rest of mankind idiots; but by the same rule the rest of mankind may be excused for not liking the appellation."

"I am glad to hear you use the word *genius* in connexion with Mr. Handel, whose popularity, I assure you, has proved anything but transient. Indeed,

I should think his music was more popular now than ever; and really, since his day stars have risen on our musical horizon which would by this time have utterly extinguished a lesser light."

"Which of his works do you speak of? You said just now that his operas were never done."

"Yes; but his oratorios are. Indeed, with the exception of one by a certain Joseph Haydn, and two of more recent date, by another countryman of yours, the public—our public I mean—will have nothing to say to any others. Why, there is hardly a week, nay, hardly a day, in which one of them—the *Sacred Oratorio*, I think it was called in his time—is not performed somewhere."

"That I remember. There were some nicely-written fugues of a free kind in it; and some of the airs were not amiss, though, as Margarita used to say of all his airs, a little rugged in their *tessitura*. In fact, it must be admitted that Mr. Handel showed himself, especially late in life, to be a good practical musician. He gave into the fashion of the age, however, sadly, in more ways than one."

"It is a little difficult," said I, "to get any attention from the age without. But to what do you particularly allude?"

"To his passion for noise. At the last of his performances at which I assisted, I heard an air—mind, sir, an *air* for a single voice,—accompanied by no less than six wind instruments, besides violins, violas, violoncellos, double basses and the organ; and for the chorusses he had singing as many as twenty persons to a part. The 'force of *hubbub*' could no farther go.' My ears ache at this moment with the recollection of the noise. But the art, as I had repeatedly shown, had long before taken an altogether wrong direction; no doubt, by this time it has found itself in a *cul-de-sac*. For, indeed, how, in the direction which it *had* taken, could progress be possible? Mechanical skill had reached its limit; intensity had reached its limit—unless, indeed, cannon were to be introduced into the orchestra."

"That has been done; though not by Handel, even in a military oratorio."

"No: for artillery was not invented in the time of Judas Maccabeus. Trumpets and drums were though; and a fine row he made with them. Even the French horn was pressed into the service: I wonder he left out the bag-pipe."

"An instrument not unknown to your friends the Greeks, Doctor: that is, if it were the *tibia utricularis*, as some of the learned of our time have thought it was."

"Sir, whatever the *tibia utricularis* may have been, it was never admitted by the Greeks into cultivated society. Its use was entirely confined to herdsmen, labourers, and other illiterate persons. So we will, if you please, keep it out of the discussion. Not that these plebeian instruments are altogether unworthy of the attention of the learned. For Martianus Capella—"

"I was about to ask you, Doctor," (I had no such intention; but a fresh irruption of the Greeks was evidently imminent,) "I was about to ask you, whether Madame Margarita took part in any of Mr. Handel's public performances?"

"She became Mrs. Pepusch long before they were begun, sir: that is, if you speak of the oratorios. Her theatrical occupation was chiefly in English opera, with which Mr. Handel never had anything to do. It was quite as well, I don't think they would have agreed. Should an irresistible meet an immoveable, what would happen?"

"And the admirable Margarita—forgive my apparent familiarity, Doctor," said I, "but we do not say *Mrs. Sappho*—the admirable Margarita certainly did prove, in one instance, an irresistible!"

"She was a wonderful woman, sir," said the Doctor, with an approach to a blush. "Did you ever hear her play any of the pieces in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*?"

"Why no: seeing that I was not—"

"Ah! I forgot. One's chronology gets a little confused after one has once made acquaintance with eternity. By the bye: do you know what has become

of that precious volume, the pearl of my collection?"

"I think it is in the British Museum."¹

"The British Museum?"

"It stands on the site of Montague House, which was bought by the nation to hold the collection of Sir Hans Sloane."

"I knew him, and his collection too: ostrich eggs, stuffed crocodiles, and Chippawah tobacco pipes. What on earth have they to do with the Lady Oriana's Music Lessons?"

"Not much; only our national library is under the same roof, and the *Virginal Book* in the national library. But what were you going to say about it?"

"Only this; that if you have ever seen the book you will know that the pieces contained in it are by no means easy. Domenico Scarlatti could have made nothing of them. Couperin—but he could only play his own music. Even the great John Sebastian would have liked a private rehearsal before tackling them in public. Well, sir, Margarita played these divinely; with such spirit, such accuracy, such strength and delicacy of hand!"

"But it is from her strength and delicacy of throat, that she has lived in musical history. Where did she learn to sing? at Bologna?"

"Not directly. At the end of the last² century, the art of singing took a prodigious stride. Not only in Bologna, under the great Pistocchi, but in Florence, Venice, Milan, Rome, and of course Naples, excellent schools were founded, in which young people of promising talent were received with open arms. Once, however, within their walls, the lives of Carthusian monks were not more regular, and little less severe. An instrumentalist buys, begs, borrows, or steals his instrument, and, when it is worn out, may buy, beg, borrow, or steal another; but a singer's instrument, when worn out, can never

be replaced. The old Italian singing masters spent years in forming their pupils' voices, and years more in teaching them how to use them. Imagine the effect which Margarita, the first female singer who had ever been heard in England, made on a public who had never known anything better than the piping of Mrs. Tofts, or the growling of Mr. Leveridge."

"Yet if we may rely upon history, Mrs. Tofts held her own, in spite of this formidable rivalry."

"A pretty person and a talent for intrigue will hold their own against anything; and Mrs. Tofts was gifted with both of these in considerable perfection. The latter, however, might have been mischievous to Margarita, but for a mishap."

"How so?"

"On the first night of her appearance—Margarita's, I mean—at Drury Lane, there was a disturbance caused by an organized opposition; and the leader of this was found to be a servant of Mrs. Tofts. Her mistress of course disclaimed all participation in her proceedings; but the public knew there could be no smoke without fire, and no fire without fuel, and that Mrs. Tofts found the fuel."

"I suppose Mrs. Pepusch knew English well when she first came to this country?"

"Not a syllable."

"In what language then were operas sung? for she and Mrs. Tofts, I think, occasionally appeared in the same scene."

"In any language that came uppermost: Margarita sung in Italian, Mrs. Tofts in English—the only language she knew, except Billingsgate—and the rest as they could."

"An opera seria, thus presented, must have been an exceedingly funny entertainment."

"Exceedingly funny. But the rehearsals were funnier; for German and French entered also into them. The one was the language of most of the band, and the other of most of the ballet. However, as the band explained them—

¹ I was wrong. The book, I find, is in the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge.

² *I.e.* The seventeenth century.

selves in performance by their pipes and strings, and the ballet by their legs and arms, the public were no sufferers. As for the English and Italian, I think they preferred the latter. The English had no sense, and the Italian made the pleasanter sound."

"The music of course redeemed everything—reconciled all discrepancies?"

"It never reconciled Margarita and Mrs. Tofts, and redeemed mighty little. But people were easily pleased in those days. English music had hardly recovered the shock it got during your civil wars. You had stopped at Orlando Gibbons, and begun again with Pelham Humphrey—a clever fellow enough, but never more than half taught."

"We recovered a little ground a few years after, though. What say you to Purcell, Doctor?"

"I just remember him. No man that ever lived had finer conceptions, or, considering his circumstances, more refined taste; but he had all the faults of the only school in which he had ever studied even indirectly—that of Carissimi. Abounding in beauties of detail, exquisite *points* of melody and harmony, his music is fragmentary, halting, and inconsequent. But much must be pardoned in a composer to whom the *perfect cadence* was a novelty. Neither he nor his hearers, I suppose, ever had enough of it. Croft and Green were working themselves gradually into a more continuous manner—learning development. And two young men, I remember—Arne and Boyce—gave signs of promise. Arne, so to speak, knew nothing whatever; but he had a nice taste in melody. Boyce ought to have done something good. But the truth is Mr. Handel had got hold of the ear of the town; and, by heavens! he talked so fast and so loud, that there was no getting in a word edgeways. Some trifles of my own, quite in the style of the time, to which we must after all in some way give in, night, I think, with a clearer field, have obtained some favour. May I ask whether any of these are known

to the present public? My cantatas, for instance, of which I published two books——"

"I do not recollect to have heard any of them very lately. One, however, was frequently performed some years since by an admirable singer, and an admirable violoncellist, both of whom,¹ alas! are now gathered to their fathers."

"*Alexis?*"

"The same."

"I could have sworn it! The perversity of the public, whether of your time or mine, is enough—always has been enough—to provoke all the saints in the Calendar! Why, sir, *Alexis* is the feeblest production of the set, a trifle thrown off in the intervals of more important occupations, a diversion from those serious researches into the Music of the Ancients to which the ripest years of my life were devoted. My *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, now, about which I confess to have taken some pains, do you know *that?*"

"I cannot say that I do. But the *Beggars' Opera* still keeps——"

"Des Teufel's Oper!"

Up to this point my revered predecessor had delivered himself in very idiomatic English; though his pronunciation, which it might have seemed disrespectful to attempt to represent on paper, rendered some of his utterances a little mystical, and others a little droll. But my unfortunate reference to the *Beggars' Opera*, a mere congeries of tunes which the Doctor harmonized and instrumented, threw him completely off his balance. A few isolated words,—chiefly, I think, nouns,—among which I thought I caught the German equivalents for *thunder* and *lightning*, together with a monosyllable I am unable to explain, but which sounded like the English *pots*, burst from his lips, at first singly, and then by degrees in more rapid succession. My want of facility in following spoken German, tasked as it was too by a volubility entirely unexpected, prevents my giving anything like a connected or intelligible report of

¹ Braham and Lindley.

the Doctor's peroration, which, as compared with his exordium, was as the discharge of a fire-engine to that of a watering-pot. I can only say that the Doctor, having taken a header into the deep and somewhat turbid waters of Greek musical philosophy, in the course of his flounderings splashed up a great many very hard words. Among these I remember *Lichanos*, *Paranete*, and *Hypaton diatonus*. He also said a good deal about the Pythagorean theorists, and "das spätere *Hexachord* des elften Jahrhunderts." He then used some expressions, anything but complimentary (as I understood him), respecting the Ambrosian tones; accusing the venerable father whose name is connected with them, of the densest stupidity, and appealing to the Last of the Ancients in support of his accusation. But in these points I may have been mistaken. Whether my ear got a little better attuned to his accent, or his pace became more moderate, I cannot say; but gradually I found myself able to take in more and more of my respected predecessor's utterances; and at last, by a prodigious effort of attention, to seize and keep hold of what, but for an accident, would have been an entire sentence. As I am not at all as certain of having penetrated the sense of his words, as I am of having retained the sound of them, I give the best English equivalents that I can find for the German originals, preserving their order as nearly as possible.

"Forestep! No, there is none. All is backstep! The worldly race in up-going, only to afterwards down-go, itself busies. There, one has, before two thousand years, a people which has the highest full-coming in music reached; and here, another which since four hundred years has, altogether unminding the provings of foregone times, of a new art something not altogether contempt-worthy to make, quite without out come itself——"

The *verb*, which would doubtless have removed any trifling obscurity from this last sentence, even if it fell from the Doctor's lips (for which I cannot vouch), never reached my ear. The sudden silence of the chapel bell, of which its recent aggravated peal ought to have been sufficient warning, told me that the *Reader* must be waiting in the vestry for the first notes of my "voluntary." Without apology, or (I fear) even a salutation of any kind, I rushed from my room, leaving my companion to account for my departure as he best could. On my return, I began to make my excuses, but soon found they produced not the smallest result. The Doctor's upraised hand looked a little more minatory, I thought, than before; but his eye had regained its normal calm, and his lips their normal immobility. Perfect silence reigned in the room; whether I shall ever succeed in persuading my predecessor to break it again remains to be proved.

J. H.

LADY MACBETH.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

In a momentary absence of memory, a friend of mine once suggested to me the idea that Lady Macbeth's exclamation in the sleeping scene—"The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?"—was a conscience-stricken reference to herself, and her own lost condition. Of course, the hypothesis was immediately abandoned on the recollection that Macbeth never had been Thane of Fife, and that it is Macduff's slaughtered mate Lady Macbeth is dreaming of,—the poor dame who, with all her pretty chickens, was destroyed at one fell swoop by Macbeth's murderous cruelty.

The conversation that ensued led me to reflect on this mistaken suggestion of my friend, as involving a much deeper mistake—an important psychological error. Not only the fact was not as suggested, but a fact of that nature—viz. an accusing return upon herself by Lady Macbeth—could not be. Lady Macbeth, even in her sleep, has no qualms of conscience; her remorse takes none of the tenderer forms akin to repentance, nor the weaker ones allied to fear, from the pursuit of which the tortured soul, seeking where to hide itself, not seldom escapes into the boundless wilderness of madness.

A very able article, published some years ago in the *National Review*, on the character of Lady Macbeth, insists much upon an opinion that she died of remorse, as some palliation of her crimes, and mitigation of our detestation of them. That she died of *wickedness* would be, I think, a juster verdict. Remorse is consciousness of guilt,—often, indeed, no more akin to saving contrition than the faith of devils, who tremble and believe, is to saving faith,—but still consciousness of guilt: and that I think Lady Macbeth never had; though the

unrecognised pressure of her great guilt killed her. I think her life was destroyed by sin as by a disease of which she was unconscious, and that she died of a broken heart, while the impenetrable resolution of her will remained unbowed. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak; the body can sin but so much, and survive; and other deadly passions besides those of violence and sensuality can wear away its fine tissues, and undermine its wonderful fabric. The woman's mortal frame succumbed to the tremendous weight of sin and suffering which her immortal soul had power to sustain; and, having destroyed its temporal house of earthly sojourn, that soul, unexhausted by its wickedness, went forth into its new abode of eternity.

The nature of Lady Macbeth, even when prostrated in sleep before the Supreme Avenger whom she keeps at bay during her conscious hours by the exercise of her indomitable will and resolute power of purpose, is incapable of any salutary spasm of moral anguish, or hopeful paroxysm of mental horror. The irreparable is still to her the *undeploable*—"What's done cannot be undone:"—and her slumbering eyes see no more ghosts than her watchful waking ones believe in: "I tell you yet again, Banquo is buried; he cannot come out of his grave." Never, even in her dreams, does any gracious sorrow smite from her stony heart the blessed brine of tears that wash away sin; never, even in her dreams, do the avenging furies lash her through purgatorial flames that burn away guilt; and the dreary but undismayed desolation in which her spirit abides for ever is quite other than that darkness, however deep, which the soul acknowledges, and whence it may yet behold the

breaking of a dawn shining far off from round the mercy-seat.

The nightmare of a butcher (could a butcher deserve to be so visited for the unhappy necessity of his calling) is more akin to the hauntings which beset the woman who has strangled conscience and all her brood of pleading angels, and deliberately armed her heart and mind against all those suggestions of beauty or fear which succour the vacillating sense of right in the human soul with promptings less imperative than those of conscience, but of fine subtle power sometimes to supplement her law. Justly is she haunted by "blood," who in the hour of her atrocities exclaims to her partner, when his appalled imagination reddens the whole ocean with the bloody hand he seeks to cleanse, "A little water clears us of this deed!" Therefore blood—the feeling of blood, the sight of blood, the smell of blood—is the one ignoble hideous retribution which has dominion over her. Intruding a moral element of which she is conscious into Lady Macbeth's punishment is a capital error, because her punishment, in its very essence, consists in her infinite distance from all such influences. Macbeth, to the very end, may weep, and wring his hands, and tear his hair, and gnash his teeth, and bewail the lost estate of his soul, though with him too the dreadful process is one of gradual induration. For he retains the unutterable consciousness of a soul; he has a perception of having sinned, of being fallen, of having wandered, of being lost; and so he cries to his physician for a remedy for that "wounded spirit," heavier to bear than all other conceivable sorrow; and utters, in words bitterer than death, the doom of his own deserted, despised, dreaded, and detested old age. He may be visited to the end by those noble pangs which bear witness to the pre-eminent nobility of the nature he has desecrated, and suggest a re-ascension, even from the bottom of that dread abyss into which he has fallen, but from the depths of which he yet beholds the everlasting light which gives him consciousness of

its darkness. But *she* may none of this: she may but feel, and see, and smell blood; and wonder at the unquenched stream that she still wades in—"Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"—and fly, hunted through the nights by that "knocking at the door" which beats the wearied life at last out of her stony heart and seared impenetrable brain.

I once read a pamphlet that made a very strong impression upon me, on the subject of the possible annihilation of the human soul as the consequence of sin. The author, supposing goodness to be nearness to God, and this to be the cause of vitality in the soul, suggested the idea of a gradual, voluntary departure from God, which should cause the gradual darkening and final utter extinction of the spirit. I confess that this theory of spiritual self-extinction through sin seemed to me a thousand times more appalling than the most terrific vision of everlasting torment.

Taking the view I do of Lady Macbeth's character, I cannot accept the idea (held, I believe, by her great representative, Mrs. Siddons) that in the banquet scene the ghost of Banquo, which appears to Macbeth, is seen at the same time by his wife, but that, in consequence of her greater command over herself, she not only exhibits no sign of perceiving the apparition, but can, with its hideous form and gesture within a few feet of her, rail at Macbeth in that language of scathing irony which, combined with his own terror, elicits from him the incoherent and yet too dangerously significant appeals with which he agonizes her and amazes the court.

To this supposition I must again object that Lady Macbeth is no ghost-seer. She is not of the temperament that admits of such impressions; she is incapable of supernatural terror in proportion as she is incapable of spiritual influences; devils do not visibly tempt, nor angels visibly minister to her; and, moreover, I hold that, as to have seen Banquo's ghost at the banqueting-table would have been contrary to *her* nature,

to have done so and persisted in her fierce mocking of her husband's terror, would have been impossible to human nature. The hypothesis makes Lady Macbeth a monster, and there is no such thing in all Shakespeare's plays. That she is godless, and ruthless in the pursuit of the objects of her ambition, does not make her such. Many men have been so; and she is that unusual and unamiable (but not altogether unnatural) creature, a masculine woman, in the only real significance of that much misapplied epithet.

Lady Macbeth was this: she possessed the qualities which generally characterise men, and not women—energy, decision, daring, unscrupulousness; a deficiency of imagination, a great preponderance of the positive and practical mental elements; a powerful and rapid appreciation of what each exigency of circumstance demanded, and the coolness and resolution necessary for its immediate execution. Lady Macbeth's character has more of the essentially manly nature in it than that of Macbeth. The absence of imagination, together with a certain obtuseness of the nervous system, is the condition that goes to produce that rare quality—physical courage—which she possesses in a pre-eminent degree. This combination of deficiencies is seldom found in men, infinitely seldomer in women; and its invariable result is insensibility to many things—among others, insensibility to danger. Lady Macbeth was not so bloody as her husband, for she was by no means equally liable to fear; she would not have hesitated a moment to commit any crime that she considered necessary for her purposes, but she would always have known what were and what were not necessary crimes. We find it difficult to imagine that, if *she* had undertaken the murder of Banquo and Fleance, the latter would have been allowed to escape, and impossible to conceive that she would have ordered the useless and impolitic slaughter of Macduff's family and followers, after he had fled to England, from a mere rabid movement of impotent hatred and apprehension. She

was never made savage by remorse, or cruel by terror.

There is nothing that seems to me more false than the common estimate of cruelty, as connected with the details of crime. Could the annals and statistics of murder be made to show the prevailing temper under which the most atrocious crimes have been committed, there is little doubt that those which present the most revolting circumstances of cruelty would be found to have been perpetrated by men of more, rather than less, nervous sensibility, or irritability, than the average; for it is precisely in such organizations that hatred, horror, fear, remorse, dismay, and a certain blind bloodthirsty rage, combine under evil excitement to produce that species of delirium under the influence of which, as of some infernal ecstasy, the most horrible atrocities are perpetrated.

Lady Macbeth was of far too powerful an organization to be liable to the frenzy of mingled emotions by which her wretched husband is assailed; and when, in the very first hour of her miserable exaltation, she perceives that the ashes of the Dead Sea are to be henceforth her daily bread, when the crown is placed upon her brow, and she feels that the "golden round" is lined with red-hot iron, she accepts the dismal truth with one glance of steady recognition:—

"Like some bold seer in a trance,
Beholding all her own mischance,
Mute—with a glassy countenance."

She looks down the dreary vista of the coming years, and, having admitted that "naught's had, all's spent," dismisses her fate, without further comment, from consideration, and applies herself forthwith to encourage, cheer, and succour, with the support of her superior strength, the finer yet feebler spirit of her husband.

In denying to Lady Macbeth all the peculiar sensibilities of her sex (for they are all included in its pre-eminent characteristic—the maternal instinct—and there is no doubt that the illustration of the quality of her resolution by the assertion that she would have dashed her baby's brains out, if she had sworn

to do it, is no mere figure of speech, but very certain earnest) Shakespeare has not divested her of natural feeling to the degree of placing her without the pale of our common humanity. Her husband shrank from the idea of her bearing *women* like herself, but not "males," of whom he thought her a fit mother; and she retains enough of the nature of mankind, if not of womankind, to bring her within the circle of our toleration, and make us accept her as *possible*. Thus the solitary positive instance of her sensibility has nothing especially feminine about it. Her momentary relenting in the act of stabbing Duncan, because he resembled her father as he slept, is a touch of human tenderness by which most men might be overcome, while the smearing her hands in the warm gore of the slaughtered old man is an act of physical insensibility which not one woman out of a thousand would have had nerve or stomach for.

That Shakespeare never imagined Banquo's ghost to be visible to Lady Macbeth in the banquet-hall seems to me abundantly proved (however inferentially) by the mode in which he has represented such apparitions as affecting all the men who in his dramas are subjected to this supreme test of courage,—good men, whose minds are undisturbed by remorse; brave men, soldiers, prepared to face danger in every shape ("but that") in which they may be called upon to meet it. For instance, take the demeanour of Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, throughout the scene so finely expressive of their terror and dismay at the appearance of the ghost, and in which the climax is their precipitating themselves together towards the object of their horror, striking at it with their partisans; a wonderful representation of the effect of fear upon creatures of a naturally courageous constitution, which Shakespeare has reproduced in the ecstasy of terror with which Macbeth himself finally rushes upon the terrible vision which unmans him, and drives it from before him with frantic outcries and despairing gestures.

It is no infrequent exhibition of fear in a courageous boy to fly at and strike the object of his dismay—a sort of instinctive method of ascertaining its nature, and so disarming its terrors; and these men are represented by Shakespeare as thus expressing the utmost impulse of a fear, to the intensity of which their words bear ample witness. Horatio says: "It harrows me with fear and wonder." Bernardo says to him: "How now, Horatio! you tremble and turn pale!" and Horatio, describing the vision and its effect upon himself and his companions, says to Hamlet—

"Thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they,
distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear," &c.

And it must be remembered that nothing in itself hideous, or revolting, appeared to these men—nothing but the image of the dead King of Denmark, familiar to them in the majestic sweetness of its countenance and bearing, and courteous and friendly in its gestures; and yet it fills them with unutterable terror. When the same vision appears to Hamlet—a young man with the noble spirit of a prince, a conscience void of all offence, and a heart yearning with aching tenderness towards the father whose beloved image stands before him precisely as his eyes had looked upon and loved it in life—how does he accost it?—

"What may this mean?
That thou, *dead corpse*, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our dispositions," &c.

The second time that Hamlet sees his father's ghost, when one might suppose that something of the horror attendant upon such a visitation would have been dispelled by the previous experience, his mother thus depicts the appearance that he presents to her—

"Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end."

What a description of the mere physical

revulsion with which living flesh and blood shrinks from the cold simulacrum of life—so like and so utterly unlike—so familiar and yet so horribly strange! The agony is physical—not of the soul; for

"What can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

exclaims the undaunted spirit of the young man; and in the closet scene with his mother passionate pity and tenderness for his father are the only emotions Hamlet expresses with his lips, while his eyes start from their sockets, and his hair rears itself on his scalp, with the terror inspired by the proximity of that "gracious figure."

In "Julius Cæsar," the emotion experienced by Brutus at the sight of Cæsar's ghost is, if possible, even more to the purpose. The spirit of the firm Roman, composed to peaceful meditation after his tender and sweet reconciliation with his friend, and his exquisite kindness to his sleepy young slave, is quietly directed to the subject of his study, when the ghost of Cæsar appears to him, darkening by its presence the light of the taper by which he reads, and to which Shakespeare, according to the superstition of his day, imparts this sensitiveness to the preternatural influence. Brutus, in questioning his awful visitor, loses none of his stoical steadfastness of soul, and yet speaks of his blood running cold, and his hair *staring* with the horror of the unearthly visitation.

Surely, having thus depicted the effect of such an experience on such men as Horatio, Hamlet, Brutus, and Macbeth, Shakespeare can never have represented a woman, even though that woman was the bravest of her sex, and almost of her kind, as subjected to a like ordeal and utterly unmoved by it. An argument which appears to me conclusive on the point, however, is, that in the sleeping scene Lady Macbeth divulges nothing of the kind; and, even if it were possible to conceive her intrepidity equal to absolute silence and self-command under the intense and mingled

terrors of the banquet scene *with* a perception of Banquo's apparition, it is altogether impossible to imagine that the emotion she controlled then should not reveal itself in the hour of those unconscious confessions when she involuntarily strips bare the festering plagues of her bosom to the night and her appalled watchers, and in her ghastly slumbers, with the step and voice of some horrible automaton, moved by no human volition, but a dire compelling necessity, acts over again the mysteries of iniquity with which she has been familiar. But, on the contrary, while wringing from her hands the warm gore of the murdered Duncan, and dragging, with the impotent effort of her agonized nightmare, her husband away from the sound of the "knocking" which reverberates still in the distracted chambers of her brain, almost the last words she articulates are: "I tell you yet again, "Banquo is buried; he cannot come out of his grave." Assuredly she never saw his ghost.

I am not inclined to agree, either, with the view which lends any special tenderness to Lady Macbeth's demeanour towards her husband after the achievement of their bad eminence. She is not a woman to waste words, any more than other means to ends; and, therefore, her refraining from all reproaches at the disastrous close of their great festival is perfectly consistent with the vehemence of her irony, so long as she could hope by its fierce stimulus to rouse Macbeth from the delirium of terror into which he is thrown by the sight of Banquo's ghost. While urging her husband to the King's murder, she uses, with all the power and weight she can give to it, the "valour of her tongue," which she foresaw in the first hour of receiving the written news of his advancement would be requisite, to "chastise" the irresolution of his spirit and the fluctuations of his purposes. She has her end to gain by talking, and she talks till she does gain it; and in those moments of mortal agony, when his terrors threaten with annihilation the fabric of

their fortunes—that fearful fabric, based on such infinite depths of guilt, cemented with such costly blood—when she sees him rushing upon inevitable ruin, and losing every consciousness but that of his own crimes, she, like the rider whose horse, maddened with fear, is imperilling his own and that rider's existence, drives the rowels of her piercing irony into him, and with a hand of iron guides, and urges, and *lifts* him over the danger. But, except in those supreme instants, where her purpose is to lash and goad him past the obstruction of his own terrors, her habitual tone, from beginning to end, is of a sort of contemptuous compassion towards the husband whose moral superiority of nature she perceives and despises, as men not seldom put by the finer and truer view of duty of women, as too delicate for common use, a weapon of too fine a temper for worldly warfare.

Her analysis of his character while still holding in her hand his affectionate letter, her admonition to him that his face betrays the secret disturbance of his mind, her advice that he will commit the business of the King's murder to her management, her grave and almost kind solicitude at his moody solitary brooding over the irretrievable past, and her compassionate suggestion at the close of the banquet scene,—

“You want the season of all natures—sleep,” when she must have seen the utter hopelessness of long concealing crimes which the miserable murderer would himself inevitably reveal in some convulsion of ungovernable remorse, are all indications of her own sense of superior power over the man whose nature wants the “illness” with which hers is so terribly endowed, who would “holily” that which he would “highly,” who would not “play false,” and yet would “wrongly win.”

Nothing, indeed, can be more wonderfully perfect than Shakespeare's delineation of the evil nature of these two human souls—the evil strength of the one, and the evil weakness of the other.

The woman's wide-eyed, bold, collected leap into the abyss makes us gulp with terror; while we watch the man's blinking, shrinking, clinging, gradual slide into it, with a protracted agony akin to his own.

In admirable harmony with the conception of both characters is the absence in the case of Lady Macbeth of all the grotesquely terrible supernatural machinery by which the imagination of Macbeth is assailed and daunted. She reads of her husband's encounter with the witches, and the fulfilment of their first prophecy; and yet, while the men who encounter them (Banquo as much as Macbeth) are struck and fascinated by the wild quaintness of their weird figures,—with the description of which it is evident Macbeth has opened his letter to her,—her mind does not dwell for a moment on these “weak ministers” of the great power of evil. The metaphysical conception of the influence to which she dedicates herself is pure free-thinking compared with the superstitions of her times; and we cannot imagine her sweeping into the murky cavern, where the hellish juggleries of Hecate are played, and her phantasmagories revel round their filthy cauldron, without feeling that these petty devils would shrink appalled away from the presence of the awful woman who had made her bosom the throne of those “murdering ministers” who in their “sightless substance” attend on “nature's mischief.”

Nor has Shakespeare failed to show how well, up to a certain point, the devil serves those who serve him well. The whole-hearted wickedness of Lady Macbeth buys that exemption from “present fears” and “horrible imaginings” which Macbeth's half-allegiance to right cannot purchase for him. In one sense, good consciences—that is, tender ones—may be said to be the only bad ones: the very worst alone are those that hold their peace, and cease from clamouring. In sin, as in all other things, thoroughness has its reward; and the reward is blindness to fear, deafness to remorse, hardness to good,

and moral insensibility to moral torture—the deadly gangrene instead of the agony of cauterization; a degradation below shame, fear, and pain. This point Lady Macbeth reaches at once, while from the first scene of the play to the last the wounded soul of Macbeth writhes, and cries, and groans, over its own gradual deterioration. Incessant returns upon himself and his own condition, betray a state of moral disquietude which is as ill-boding an omen of the spiritual state as the morbid feeling of his own pulse by a sickly self-observing invalid is of the physical condition; and, from the beginning to the end of his career, the several stages of his progress in guilt are marked by his own bitter consciousness of it. First, the startled misgiving as to his own motives:

"This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill—cannot be good."

Then the admission of the necessity for the treacherous cowardly assumption of friendly hospitality, from which the brave man's nature and soldier's alike revolt:

"False face must hide what the false heart
doth know."

Then the panic-stricken horror of the insisting:

"But *why* could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat."

The vertigo of inevitable retribution:

"Glamis doth murder sleep,
And therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more.
Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

The utter misery of the question:

"How is it with me, when ev'ry noise appals
me?"

The intolerable bitterness of the thought:

"For Banquo's issue have I *filed my breast*,
And mine *eternal jewel* given;
Given to the common enemy of mankind."

Later comes the consciousness of stony loss of fear and pity:

"The time has been
My senses would have cool'd to hear a night-
shriek.

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once stir me!"

After this, the dreary wretchedness of his detested and despised old age confronts him:

"And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have."

Most wonderful of all is it, after reviewing the successive steps of this dire declension of the man's moral nature, to turn back to his first acknowledgment of that Divine government, that Supreme Rule of Right, by which the deeds of men meet righteous retribution "*Here, even here*, upon this bank and shoal of Time;" that unhesitating confession of faith in the immutable justice and goodness of God with which he first opens the debate in his bosom, and contrasts it with the desperate blasphemy which he utters in the hour of his soul's final overthrow, when he proclaims life—man's life, the precious and mysterious object of God's moral government—

"A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and
fury,
Signifying nothing!"

The preservation of Macbeth's dignity in a degree sufficient to retain our sympathy, in spite of the preponderance of his wife's nature over his, depends on the two facts of his undoubted heroism in his relations with men, and his great tenderness for the woman whose evil will is made powerful over his partly by his affection for her. It is remarkable that hardly one scene passes where they are brought together in which he does not address to her some endearing appellation; and, from his first written words to her whom he calls his "Dearest partner of greatness," to his pathetic appeal to her physician for some alleviation of her moral plagues, a love of extreme strength and tenderness is constantly manifested in every address to or mention of her that he makes. He seeks her sympathy alike in the season of his prosperous fortune and in the hour of his mental anguish:

"Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!"
and in this same scene there is a touch of essentially manly reverence for the

womanly nature of her who has so little of it, that deserves to be classed among Shakespeare's most exquisite inspirations:—his refusing to pollute his wife's mind with the bloody horror of Banquo's proposed murder.

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck!"

is a conception full of the tenderest and deepest refinement, contrasting wonderfully with the hard, unhesitating cruelty of her immediate suggestion in reply to his:

"Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live,

But in them Nature's copy's not eterne;"

by which she clearly demonstrates that her own wickedness not only keeps pace with his, but has indeed, as in the business of the King's murder, reached at a bound that goal towards which he has struggled by slow degrees.

At the end of the banquet scene he appeals to her for her opinion on the danger threatened by Macduff's contumacious refusal of their invitation, and from first to last he so completely leans on her for support and solace in their miserable partnership of guilt and woe, that when we hear the ominous words:

"My Lord, the Queen is dead!"

we see him stagger under the blow which strikes from him the prop of that undaunted spirit in whose valour he found the never-failing stimulus of his own.

In the final encounter between Macbeth and the appointed avenger of blood it appears to me that the suggestion of his want of personal courage, put forward by some commentators on his character, is most triumphantly refuted. Until his sword crosses that of Macduff, and the latter, with his terrible defiance to the "*Angel*"¹ whom Macbeth still

has served, reveals to him the fact of his untimely birth, he has been like one drunk—maddened by the poisonous inspirations of the hellish oracles in which he has put his faith; and his furious excitement is the delirium of mingled doubt and dread with which he clings, in spite of the gradual revelation of its falsehood, to the juggling promise which pronounced him master of a charmed life. But no sooner is the mist of this delusion swept from his mind, by the piercing blast of Macduff's interpretation of the promise, than the heroic nature of the man once more proclaims itself. The fire of his spirit flames above the "ashes of his chance;" the intrepid courage of the great chieftain leaps up again in one last blaze of desperate daring; and alone—deserted by his followers and betrayed by his infernal allies—he stands erect in the undaunted bravery of his nature, confronting the eyes of Death as they glare at him from Macduff's sockets, and exclaims, "Yet will I try the last." One feeling only mingles with this expiring flash of resolute heroism, one most pathetic reference to the human detestation from which in that supreme hour he shrinks as much as from degradation—more than from death.

"I will not yield,

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
foot,

And to be baited by the rabble's curse."

It is the last cry of the human soul, cut off from the love and reverence of humanity; and with that he rushes out of the existence made intolerable by the hatred of his kind.

but Shakespeare would not have written "*Devil*!" But what a tremendous vision of terrible splendour the word evokes! what a visible presence of gloomy glory (even as of the great prince of pride, ambition, and rebellion) seems to rise in lurid majesty, and overshadow the figure of the baffled votary of evil!

¹ Noteworthy, in no small degree, is this word "*Angel*" here used by Macduff. Who

THE ORCHARD AND THE HEATH.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

I CHANCED upon an éarly walk to spy
 A troop of children through an orchard gate :
 The boughs hung low, the grass was high ;
 They had but to lift hands or wait
 For fruits to fill them ; fruits were all their sky.

They shouted, running on from tree to tree,
 And play'd the game the wind plays, on and round.
 'Twas visible invisible glee
 Pursuing ; and a fountain's sound
 Of laughter spouted, pattering fresh on me.

I could have watched them till the daylight fled,
 Their pretty bower made such a light of day.
 A small one tumbling, sang, 'Oh ! head !'
 The rest to comfort her straightway
 Seized on a branch, and thump'd down apples red.

The tiny creature flashing through green grass,
 And laughing with her feet and eyes among
 Fresh apples, while a little lass
 Over as o'er breeze-ripples hung,—
 This sight I saw, and passed as aliens pass.

My footpath left the pleasant farms and lanes,
 Soft cottage-smoke, straight cocks a-crow, gay flowers ;
 Beyond the wheel-ruts of the wains,
 Across a heath I walked for hours,
 And met its rival tenants, sun and rains.

Still in my view mile-distant firs appear'd,
 When, under a patch'd channel-bank, enrich'd
 With foxglove, whose late bells droop'd sear'd,
 Behold, a family had pitch'd
 Their camp, and labouring the low tent uprear'd.

Here, too, were many children, quick to scan
A new thing coming; swarthy cheeks, white teeth :
 In many-coloured rags they ran.
 Like iron runlets of the heath,
Dispersed lay broth-pot, sticks, and drinking-can.

Three girls, with shoulders like a boat at sea
Tipp'd sideways by the wave (their clothing slid
 From either ridge unequally),
 Lean, swift, and voluble, bestrid
A starting-point, unfrock'd to the bent knee.

They raced; their brothers yelled them on, and broke
In act to follow, but as one they snuff'd
 Wood-fumes, and by the fire that spoke
 Of provender, its pale flame puff'd,
And roll'd athwart dwarf furzes grey-blue smoke.

Soon on the dark edge of a ruddier gleam,
The mother-pot perusing, all, stretch'd flat,
 Paused for its bubbling-up supreme :
 A dog upright in circle sat,
And oft his nose went with the flying steam.

I turned and looked in Heaven awhile, where now
The moor-faced sunset broaden'd with red light;
 Threw high aloft a golden bough,
 And seem'd the desert of the night,
Far down, with mellow orchards to endow.

II.

My pace is quick on foot, till as a lyre
The wind sings in my ears, and homeward bent,
 I heard an ever-lifting quire
 Of children by that smoky tent,
Who praised the union of the pot with fire.

More loved of Heaven, I thought them, though less fair,
Less blest of earth, than those who played at morn
 Like sun-spots in the scented square;
 To pleasant narrow spaces born,
Unknowing other fruits bloom elsewhere.

The Orchard and the Heath.

But is there love in Heaven which turns aside
 From Heaven's good laws to flatter want or grief?
 Blind pity, and self-pity, and Pride,
 Clamour for it to bribe belief.
 Let earth know better lest her woes abide.

Few men dare think what many have dared say—
 That Heaven can entertain elective love,
 And narrow to our yea and nay
 The august great concords roll'd above.
 I felt them, and went reverent on my way.

Yet fancy (the quick flutter of young thought
 Above the flower, sensation) would not rest:
 From hues and lights of evening brought
 Rich symbols to make manifest
 What recompense is for the houseless wrought.

Sweet recompense! thereat the ascetics aim.
 Self-exiled from the orchard-bounds, they purge
 Poor flesh of lusts which bring them shame,
 And with the rigour of the scourge
 Transfuse them to their souls in keener flame.

Surely I know the houseless little ones;
 My spirit is among them all its days:
 Like them, 'tis of the changing suns;
 Subsists, like them, on waifs and strays,
 Well chasten'd by the wild wherein it runs.

So that we find sufficient we can sleep,
 Considering recompense scarce fit for dreams
 No hushing songs of lambs and sheep,
 No highway trot of harness'd teams,
 Lull us: we rock upon a tuneless deep.

We cannot cherish, like the folded throng,
 Belief in sustenance, as frail as breath:
 Our faith is in our hunger; strong,
 Therefore, and constant is our faith:
 A roaming force 'twixt morn and even-song.

But we divide; no likeness is complete:
 For when it comes to seeing, they are blind.
 This is the mystery I meet
 At every corner of the mind;—
 Twice cursed are they whom earth doth ill-entreat!

Ere yon sky orchards drop their golden key,
'Tis recognition Heaven demands, I know.
 Shall earth, then, bid its chosen see,
 And seeing grasp the fruits that grow
In Heaven as well as earth? How may this be?

My light of Heaven answers: 'Eye for fruits
'Have many: they are pluck'd by favour'd hands
 'Is such a craving of the brutes
 'The recognition Heaven demands?
'Am I the Tree which has in earth its roots?

'Those fruits are gifts of heritage, not mine.
'The virtues garden in some lines of men,
 'And eminent and large they shine
 'As captains of the host, till when
'Much flatter'd flesh has drugg'd the soul divine.

'For of the fruits enjoy'd new seed should spring;
'And of their vantage station men shall make
 'A place of sacrifice, and cling
 'To sacrifice for man's dear sake,
'Or perish: 'tis the choice of sage and king.

'You waves of life go rolling o'er and o'er;
'And some will toss the uppermost foam, and fall;
 'And here and there the sky will pour
 'Illuminating rays, but all
'Are one great ocean rolling without shore.

'Never till men rejoice in being one
'Shall any of them hold a perfect heart.
 'Nearer to me shall gather none
 'That from their fellows climb apart.
'An evil is a common evil done.

'Make strength your weapon, purity your mark;
'Keep shrewd with hunger, as an edge of steel.
 'An army marching in the dark
 'Are men; but forward, while they reel,
'Still they bear forward some faint rescuing spark

'By service they must live who would have sight:
'The children of the Orchard and the Heath
 'In equal destinies unite,
 'Serving or fattening beneath;
'But thank them best that trim in thee my light.'

A crown of darkness on the yellow west,
Where day and night took hands in union brief,
And sat in sober splendour, press'd :
I clasp'd as one full harvest sheaf
The thought of the poor children I thank'd best.

Far back I saw the flames of scanty wood
Upon the closing shadows cower low.
The meal was done, and it was good ;
And now to huddling sleep they go.
May food supply them ! They have given me food.

NOTE ON SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LETTER.

THE MR. OWEN referred to in this letter is probably not Robert Owen, but William Owen, afterwards Owen-Pughe, a Welsh antiquary, and author of a Welsh Dictionary.